POEMS
ON
Several Occasions.

Dedicated to the Reverend
Dr. DELAUNE, President of
St. JOHN's College in OXFORD.

By *N. AMHURST*, sometime of the
same College.

Jacta est Alea.

The SECOND EDITION, in which is inserted
The TEST OF LOVE.

LONDON:
Printed for R. FRANCKLIN, at the *Sun Fleetstreet*
M, DCC. XXIII.
Price One Shilling.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Reverend

Dr. DELAUNE,

PRESIDENT

OF

St. John's College in Oxford.

Sir,

I Shall not, in this Addreſs to you, act inconſiſtently with my profeſſed mean opinion of our modern Dedicators and Dedications, ſince I deſign to avoid in my ſelf whatever gives me offence in them; I expect no *Guineas*, and therefore I hope

a you

you will be ſo good as to expect no *Compliments*.

What wholly prevail'd upon me to ſhip your venerable Name to theſe Miſcellaneous *Baſtards* of my brain, was this; I have had for *nine* or *ten* months many things to ſay unto you; and I was willing to let the world know what they were, as well as your ſelf.

Lo! therefore, at your feet, Reverend Sir, I throw the following Collection of my poetical Lucubrations, which were written (moſt of 'em) within your learned Walls, and under your moſt auſpicious Government: you will find it compos'd of Poems, ſacred and profane, original, paraphraſed, imitated, and tranſlated; Tales, Epigrams, Epiſtles, Love-verſes, Elegies upon departed Friends, and Satires upon living Enemies; it begins with the *Creation of the World*, and ends with the diſcovery of that ingenious utenſil, a *Bottle-ſcrue*.

I humbly make it my requeſt that I may be read with the ſame candour that my cotemporary Authors at OXFORD have been; and that my rhimes may be equally admir'd with others that are equally dull: and I do Particularly forbid your *Profeſſor* in this Faculty to criticize on my Works, before he has done the ſame juſtice to his own. But

But becauſe I know that he cannot forbear carping and cavilling; I deſign to be even with him, and propoſe to eſtabliſh a very bulky Reputation upon the ruins of his: For this purpoſe I ſhall ſhortly put to the Preſs ſome incomparable Performances, which I have by me, of that orthodox Poet; particularly an excellent new Garland, intitled, *The Hanover Turnip*; a copy of Verſes upon the *Chevaliers's Picture*; and another upon the death of the *young Prince*; in which he proves the *exit* of that *Whiggiſh* young Rogue to be the greateſt Bleſſing the Nation ever received; but he will be eaſily forgiven this little Peccadillo by *thoſe Perſons* who ought to reſent it, having lately experienced their good nature in a much greater inſtance. How happy are ſome Men, whoſe Enemies prove their Friends! and how unhappy are others, whoſe Friends prove their Enemies!

If any perſon in the Univerſity has any Pieces by him, that compliment the *Church*, or vilify the *Revolution*, let him direct 'em to me in my Garret at Mr. FRANCKLIN's (not *Curll*'s, as ſome perſons have ſuppos'd) in *Fleetſtreet*, and they ſhall be faithfully inſerted.

To return to my Labours. You will find ſome of 'em that make a little free with your ſacred Order; but as every candid reader will ſuppoſe that I aim at *bad* Clergymen only, I am ſure they cannot give *you* the leaſt uneaſineſs.

This is all I ſhall ſay of the following Collection; I will therefore now throw aſide the Poet, and ſpeak to you in the character of an unhappy young fellow, who has, by his erroneous Principles, fallen under your heavy Diſpleaſure, and has been *expell'd* from your *Affections*, as well as your *College*.

Don't think, dear Sir, that I am going to charge You with any injuſtice, or even unkindneſs to me: no; on the contrary, I have receiv'd abundance of favours from your hands, and I am reſolv'd to acknowledge them.

In the firſt place; if ten thouſand kind promiſes to ſerve me to the utmoſt of your power; if repeated declarations of your Concern for my Welfare and Proſperity, are any Obligations, how infinitely am I oblig'd to you? I don't indeed ſay that you ever perform'd any of theſe numerous Promiſes, or that in any one inſtance you ever ſhew'd that Concern you profeſs'd for me; but I dare not

not blame you for that; it would be wounding the whole body of *great Men* at once thro' your ſides.

Secondly; It was under your wiſe Adminiſtration, that I firſt arriv'd at any Knowledge in the world: I came to your College a raw, ignorant ſchool-boy, and fooliſhly thought Mankind in earneſt in what they profeſſed; I took Liberty for a *real* Bleſſing, and Religion for the *real* Worſhip of God; I often remember how ſcrupulous I was in the moſt *common* concerns of Life; with what awful dread I took an Oath, and with what tremendous veneration I receiv'd the Sacrament: but how much I am improved for the *better* ſince, let my *worſt* Enemies bear witneſs.

I raſhly judg'd of Religion by the Works it produc'd, and of its Profeſſors by the ſanctity or levity of their Behaviour; but I am now convinc'd of a great Truth; namely, that Faith and a good Life are utterly independent of each other, and that a Tree may bring forth *bad* Fruit, without fear of being *hewn down and caſt into the Fire.*

It is likewiſe, under your excellent Adminiſtration, that I made my ſelf Maſter of a Pipe of Tobacco, a Bottle,

and a Syllogiſm: I got acquainted with abundance of *crabbed* Names and *metaphyſical* Gentlemen, who formerly gave me terrible apprehenſions; but after a little converſation with them I found them to be very civil, harmleſs Fellows, and ſo far from having any *bad* meaning, that they had really *no* meaning at all: indeed they have been made the tools of very wicked Men, and for very wicked purpoſes; but ſo have many *non-meaning* Blockheads as well as they.

To you, Sir, and to the *learned old Woman, my Mother*, I am alſo indebted for the title and privileges of a *Gentleman*: when I came to the Univerſity, I thought myſelf a vile *Plebeian*; but I am told that a liberal Education intitles me to a liberal Character, and accordingly I have now clapt on a *Sword*, *a Tye-Wig*, and a *laced Hat*, and keep company with the beſt Gentlemen in the County—— Indeed I am my ſelf, by *Birth*, a ſort of a Gentleman, for my Father was a Country *Grazier*, and my Grand-father, a Country *Parſon*, which is (you will ſay) no mean Extraction; but *vix ea noſtra voco*, and methinks I would ſet up, on a ſtock of my own.

Nor ought I to forget the good advice and

and many kind warnings you were pleaſed to give me: You fairly told me beforehand, that I did not take the right way to a Fellowſhip in YOUR College; that, if I expected any friends there, I muſt not follow my own wild opinions, nor my own hair-brain'd judgment: You told me that I had the character of a *turbulent, obſtinate, malicious, ill-natur'd* Fellow; and (what is ſtill worſe than all, ſaid you) that I was inclin'd to *Infidelity*: upon which I ſaid within my ſelf, *behold how good and how joyful a thing it is for* Brethren *to dwell together in Unity.*

Happy had it been for me, if I had followed your advice! but inſtead of that, like a fool, I got a cock-horſe upon Reaſon, and gallop'd away in romantick ſearch of a fair Lady, called *Truth*; whom after many tedious journies, and obſtinate encounters by the way, I found at laſt in a large Caſtle, guarded by a numerous Regiment of *black* Giants, who told me that ſhe was their Priſoner, and that it was in vain for me to attempt her reſcue. They told me farther, that they and their predeceſſors had kept her there for *above a thouſand Years*, and had levied upon Mankind immenſe ſums of Money for maintaining them in religious ignorance

rance; which they conſtantly paid with great *thankfulneſs* and *humility*.

Theſe and ſeveral other ſuch-like favours have I receiv'd from *You* and my *academical* Step-mother: there are alſo ſeveral other things which Fleſh and Blood aſſured me were very bad uſage; but I comforted my ſelf under them with the thought of what a merry Friend of mine ſays, that it is *for the good of our* Souls, *that you uſe our* Bodies *ſo ill*: I am glad that the Parſons in this one inſtance come ſo near the Almighty, whom they are hir'd to imitate, and *chaſten whom they love*; ſure they muſt love me dearly well! I rejoice in their kind ſeverities; for let them but ſuffer me to make the beſt of the *next world*, I care not how miſerable they make me in *this*.

You will pardon me, good Sir, if I think it neceſſary for your Honour to mention the many heinous Crimes for which I was brought to ſhame. None were indeed publickly alledged againſt me at that time, becauſe it might as well be done afterwards; ſure *old Engliſhmen* can never forget, that there is ſuch a thing in the world as hanging a Man firſt, and trying him afterwards: ſo far'd it with me; my Proſecutors firſt proved

proved me, by an undeniable Argument, to be no Fellow of St. JOHN's College, and then to be——the Lord knows what.

My Indictment, may be collected out of the faithful Annals of common Fame which run thus.

Advices from OXFORD *ſay, that on the 9th of* June, 1719, *one* NICHOLAS AMHURST *of St.* JOHN's *College was expell'd for the following Reaſons:*

Imprimis, For loving *foreign* Turnips and *Presbyterian* Biſhops.

Item, For believing that *Steeples* and *Organs* are not abſolutely neceſſary to ſalvation.

Item, For Ingratitude to his Benefactor, that ſpotleſs Martyr, St. WILLIAM LAUD.

Item, For *Preaching* without Orders, and *Praying* without a Commiſſion.

Item, For lampooning *Prieſtcraft* and *Petticoatcraft.*

Quam benè conveniunt & in una ſede *morantur?*

Item, For *not* lampooning the *Government* and the *Revolution.*

Item, For prying into *ſecret Hiſtory.*

Item, To prevent the ſame. My

My natural Modeſty will not permit me, like other Apologiſts, to vindicate my ſelf in any one particular; the whole Charge is ſo artfully drawn up, that no reaſonable Perſon would think ever the *better* of me, ſhould I juſtify my ſelf till Doomſday.

——*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.

I am willing to ſubmit to any accuſation which ſo candid and impartial a perſon as *common Fame* ſhall bring againſt me; for tho' ſhe has made but a ſcurvy ſort of a Blade of me; yet if her Reports will be allow'd to be authentick, there are *other Perſons* in the world as bad as my ſelf.

And therefore, like other polite Malefactors, I heartily forgive my Accuſers, and confeſs that I deſerv'd the puniſhment I ſuffer'd: I am now ſufficiently convinc'd of the folly and ſottiſhneſs of Freethinking; and were it poſſible for me to live over my days again, no body ſhould accuſe me of too little Faith; no, I would believe even to ſupererogation, and make it the ſole buſineſs of my Life to bolt new Myſteries out of Scripture,

and

and new points of Faith more difficult and abſtruſe than thoſe already impos'd upon Mankind, to ſhew how good a Churchman I could be, and how much I could outſtrip even the *Athanaſian* Believers.

I can ſcarce forgive my ſelf for my childiſh Behaviour whilſt I was under your Power and Diſpoſal: what had I to do with the Quarrels of the Clergy, or the Authority of the Convocation, or the Divinity of your OXFORD Ladies? Blockhead as I was! Why could not I believe every thing, pay no body, and live in as much Reputation as my Neighbours?

My Eyes are now open, and the ſtupidity of my late Conduct glares me full in the face; I ſee the fool-hardineſs of oppoſing popular Arguments and eſtabliſhed Opinions! and what mortifies me moſt is, that altho' I am convinc'd of an error, yet is it too late to repent.

Here, methinks, you interrupt me with that notable ſaying in your mouth, *nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via*: Pho! Doctor, that's all fooliſh, antiquated ſtuff! our modern Ethicks ſay, that it is too late to repent, when it is too late to get any thing by it. Very well, ſay you; but pray, Sir, is not *Virtue its own Reward*?

O fie,

O fie, Doctor! worſe and worſe ſtill! Hunger Thirſt and Nakedneſs are but poor Rewards, and (in my opinion) worſe than none at all. —— To proceed,

I hope all young Men will take warning from me, how they meddle with ſpiritual *Edge-Tools*, and eccleſiaſtical *Prize-fighters*. Who, but a Fool or a Madman, would have his Pockets pick'd, or his Bones broken; or be turn'd out of a good Place, or into a naſty Gaol merely for *thinking* like one *in his Senſes?* We were ſome time ago aſſured by a very great and reverend Perſon, that *Freethinking is not now the way to Preferment*; and has not he made his words good? Are not the greateſt Bigots and Blockheads made the greateſt *Pluraliſts?* Are not the beſt *Parſonages*, and the fatteſt *Sine Cures* the Reward of Lazineſs and Ignorance? If this is not a good Argument againſt *thinking freely*, I would know what is.

Beſides, *Freethinking* is unfaſhionable, and makes a Man look ſingular in all Company; it puts him to the continual fatigue of proving white to be white, and black to be black, for which he is ſure to be heartily pitied and deſpis'd.

The whole world is govern'd by a *majority*: A powerful Monarch thinks it a good

good argument for clapping up a Peace with all convenient ſpeed. The ſame weighty argument has induc'd many an holy Paſtor to forſwear himſelf, and comply with the *neceſſity* of the Times. In ſhort it makes Kings and Parliamentmen; ſettles Money Bills and Articles of Faith.

Another good argument againſt *thinking freely*, or (which is juſt the ſame) againſt *thinking at all*, is that it impairs the Conſtitution, debilitates the Nerves, renders the Countenance ſallow and wrinkled, is a great nouriſher of the Vapours, and very much incapacitates young Fellows for the ſociety of Ladies. This argument has of late done great ſervice to the Church at Oxford.

Laſtly, *Freethinking* is apt to make Men think contemptuouſly of Excommunication, and Abſolution, and Benediction, and Paſſive Obedience, and Hereditary Right, and Per--y, and --- other ſuch like *Apoſtolical* Doctrines of the Church.

Theſe few, but unanſwerable arguments will, I hope, be of ſome uſe to ſtop the growing miſchiefs of *Reaſon* and private *Enquiry*; I have felt the ſmart of them my ſelf, and would ſhew others the Rock upon which I ſplit: all that I can do farther towards this pious end, is to make

a publick Recantation of my Errors, which I do freely in the following words.

Whereas I N. A. *formerly Member of St.* John's *College in* Oxford, *and now Citizen of the wide World, have, by ſome late poiſonous Writings, been unwarily and fatally miſled into divers heretical and damnable Opinions, inconſiſtent with the Proſperity of the* viſible *Church of* England, *and her* viſible *Governours, by profeſſing an ill-grounded Zeal for the* inviſible *Church and her* inviſible *King; and whereas, in conſequence of this unhappy Deluſion, I thought my ſelf at liberty to make uſe of thoſe faculties and abilities which God Almighty had given me, impiouſly preſuming that he had given them me for the ſame purpoſe; I do hereby publickly, ſolemnly, and totally renounce, retract, abjure, and forever diſclaim the aforeſaid damnable Doctrines and Opinions; and I do moſt humbly intreat the* Convocation *to pardon (if it be venial) this great and heinous Offence, faithfully promiſing that I will for the future conform my ſelf to all their Doctrines, Opinions, Declarations, Interpretations, and Deciſions whatſoever, however ſeemingly unjuſt in themſelves or palpably contradictory to each other, in defiance of my own* Reaſon *and* private Judgment, *as becomes a good Churchman, and a ſtrenuous* Contender for

for the Faith once delivered to the Saints

N. Amhurst.

Having made this ample Recantation, I expect from henceforward to be look'd upon and treated as a ſound *Believer*, and to reap all the Privileges and Advantages which belong to that glorious Character; I expect that no body will think ever the worſe of me, if I looſen a little the Reins of my Life, ſince I have ſtraighten'd thoſe of my Faith: and if I ſhould be accidentally caught triping in any of the modiſh Frailties of Fleſh and Blood, that I may be excus'd, as other great and orthodox Sinners have been, in this kind manner; *Well, well, for all that, the young Man has ſound Principles, and hates the Biſhop of* Bangor.

I cannot forbear mentioning, upon this occaſion, that my preſent happy Converſion is in a great meaſure owing to the late ingenious Writings of the Reverend Dr. *H—re*, which make the deeper Impreſſion upon me, becauſe he was once in the ſame Errors with my ſelf, tho' he has not thought fit to retract them *formally* as I have done: but as I have now liſted my ſelf under him, I hope no body will be ſurpriz'd if I ſhould tack about again, provided the *irreſiſtible Importunities* of Self-

intereſt and the Convocation ſhould make it neceſſary; being convinc'd that *Occaſional Conformity* is not a Doctrine belonging to *one* ſett of Men only, but that it is grown conſiſtent with the Characters of our beſt *Churchmen*.

Thus have I reconcil'd my ſelf to the Church again; and to convince you that I ſincerely believe you enter'd unwillingly into the meaſures of my Excluſion, give me leave to acquaint the World with what, I have heard, you were pleaſe to do in my favour.

I am informed, and pretty credibly too, that when Complaints began to multiply and grow loud againſt me, you did, in your great Goodneſs, condeſcend to write a Letter to a certain reverend Relation of mine, to acquaint him with my Behaviour, and the Character I labour'd under; deſiring at the ſame time his Advice *what to do with me*; and that you put it in his Power to keep me in my Fellowſhip, or to turn me out of it. What was the Conſequence, is well enough known: but I muſt obſerve that this Procedure was, tho' honeſtly and candidly deſigned, very inconſiſtent with Truth and Juſtice: for if, by my Conduct, I did either actually deſerve, or, in your Conſcience, ſeem'd

ſeem'd to deſerve, what I have ſince ſuffer'd, I ought to ſuffer it, whether the *uſual* Tenderneſs of a near Relation interceded in my behalf or not; and, on the other ſide, if I did not deſerve it, neither ought I to have ſuffer'd it, tho' my *own Father* concurr'd in the Sentence againſt me. But I believe you were led into this, by your unwillingneſs to diſoblige an old Friend who *keeps a good Houſe*, and has *good Wine* in his Cellar.

I am farther informed that you have ſince waited upon this reverend Gentleman, to notify unto him what was done againſt me, and how loth you were to comply with it upon his account; and that you found him ſo perfectly ſatisfied with your Conduct, and ſo inveterately enrag'd againſt me, that he declar'd, in the moſt ungentle manner, *He car'd not what became of me.* Hei mihi!

As you are a Perſon of great Candour, and equal Integrity, I will charitably ſuppoſe that you play'd no falſe Play; that you uſed no unjuſt Arts to rob me of the Affections of ſo *valuable* a Friend; but that you repreſented my Caſe to him in the faireſt and moſt impartial manner. I will ſuppoſe this, tho' I have been told to the contrary.

If you dealt honestly with me, and honourably with him, you assured him that it was solely on account of my obnoxious Opinions that I lost my Fellowship; or if you aggravated my bad Principles with bad Practices, you assur'd him you never did nor ever will admit so *immoral* a Person as my self into *your* College whilst you *govern* it: if you did thus, no doubt you will stand by it, and then I will acquit you with all my Heart.

The pravity and sinfulness of my Opinions I have sufficiently confess'd and repented of in my Recantation; and as for Morality, I hope no body can charge me with violating that part of it which relates to *Friendship*, *Honour*, and *common Honesty*; if I have been less careful of that, which injures my self only, it is a frailty that is common to Humanity, and almost inseperable from it: perhaps I now and then *take my Glass too freely*, or *kiss a pretty Woman in a Corner*; but I pay *my Debts* honestly, and *defraud no body*. I wish I had not, at this time, instances before my Eyes of Men most notoriously guilty of *dishonest*, *knavish* Immorality; which, in my Creed, is much the worse of the two.

I know a certain Person in the world, who was left *Gurdian* to a young Woman,

man, who is since married; and tho' the greatest Importunity has been made, for above *four* Years, to get her Fortune out of the Hands of this *unjust Steward*, yet all has proved ineffectual: What makes this piece of Barbarity still more barbarous, is, that her Husband was a young Man and a *Tradesman*, then just set up; so that the Money would have been of the greatest Advantage to him; and this fraudulent Detention of it has already prov'd of the greatest Disadvantage. I do not design to point out the Person now, because I hope he will take this Hint and pay the Money; otherwise I am resolved to set forth all the Circumstances, and produce him publickly, even tho' he should be found (which God forbid!) within your own Walls. He is a Person long since *infamous* for such inhuman Practices.

But to return to my dear self once more. I have indeed been a very naughty Boy; but, in my Lay-Opinion, I have done pretty ample Penance for all my Offences: I have lost a *good* Fellowship, and (which was much more valuable to me) your *good Opinion*; my Enemies insult my Misfortunes, and even my Friends blame my Imprudence for bringing them upon my self; the *first* look upon me as a Bigot

to the *worſt* of Principles; and the *laſt* as a Betrayer of the *beſt*, by maintaining them in too great a Latiude, and with too much Openneſs: Theſe *pity* me, and thoſe *diſpiſe* me; nay (to tell you a Secret) I began to deſpiſe my ſelf, 'till I had made *my Peace* again with the Church.

I was particularly unfortunate in the Diſpleaſure of a *pretty female Relation*, who (upon hearing that I was *expell'd* from the *Univerſity*; for that is our Country Phraſe) exclaim'd with ſome Vehemence, that ſhe was ſorry I ſhould bring ſuch a Diſgrace upon the FAMILY! Now as I ought to be as much concern'd for the Honour of the AMHURSTIAN Family as this fair Lady; I have ſeriouſly taken it into my Conſideration, how my *Excluſion* could poſſibly bring any Diſgrace upon it; and after Examination, find quite the contrary to what this fair Kinſwoman of mine implicitly alledges to be true: for;

1. The Honour of our Houſe is ſo well eſtabliſhed by our Predeceſſors, who (it is well known) were Heroes, and Patriots, and Lovers of their Country, in the worſt of Times; and knock'd down Giants, and ſlew Dragons; that it is out of the Power of any of its corrupt Deſcendants to bring any real Diſgrace upon it.

2. Lord

2. Lord have Mercy upon many of the nobleſt Families in *England*, if the Vices of the preſent Generation are any Blots upon the original Stock it ſelf.

3. On the contrary, ſuppoſing I have degenerated from the Virtues I am Heir to; yet my *Excluſion*, inſtead of bringing a Diſgrace upon my Family, is the beſt Juſtification of it. I would ask any reaſonable Chriſtian, whether the Fall of the Apoſtate Angels brought any Diſgrace upon the *Angelick Family?* Or whether it would not have rather ſeemed a Diſgrace to it, if they had not fell. Thus, had I continued in the high and eminent Station of a Fellow of St. JOHN's College in OXFORD, I might indeed have brought Diſgrace upon my Family; but being caſt down from thence, into the low and groveling Condition, in which I now am, it is impoſſible for me to do it, and my *worthy* Relations need be under no Apprehenſions upon my account.

Your Goodneſs, Sir, will pardon this Digreſſion, and will not, I believe, think it wholly impertinent: but you will obſerve, how apt Authors are to contradict themſelves; I ſet out with aſſuring you, that I would not, like other Dedicators, make you any Compliments; and

and yet, by confeſſing ſuch an heap of Iniquities, have I made you the greateſt Compliment that the moſt fulſome Wretch in this Art could poſſibly invent. How much ought that Man to be reſpected (eſpecially by the *Clergy* and the *Ladies*) who remov'd ſuch a Nuiſance out of a polite and chriſtian Society?

But I muſt complain of one thing; whether reaſonably or not, let the World judge: when I was voted out of your College, and the Nuiſance was thereby remov'd; I thought the Reſentments of the *holy ones* would have proceeded no farther; I am ſure the Cauſe of Virtue and ſound Religion (which I was thought to offend) required no more; nor could it be of any poſſible Advantage to the Church to deſcend into my private Affairs, and ſtir up my Creditors in the Univerſity to take hold of me at a Diſadvantage, before I could get any Money return'd; but there are ſome Perſons in the World, who think nothing unjuſt or inhuman in the Proſecution of their implacable Revenge.

Herein again, Sir, I perfectly acquit you, well knowing that you have too much Humanity and Good-Nature to be engag'd in ſo mean-ſpirited an Action; your

Your Friendſhip for the Reverend Gentleman my Relation, whom I juſt now mention'd, would not have ſuffer'd you to do it, were there no other Motive: but beſides that, I am confident you are too well acquainted with the World, not to know that if *every one* were to be ſerv'd in the ſame rigid manner, they might not come off quite ſo well as I did.

Now I am making my Complaints to you, another thing comes into my Head, which I think very hard, if it be true.

I am told that you had Information of ſome of the moſt material Secrets of my Life, from *a Quarter*, where you ought leaſt to *expect*, or I to *fear* it. I could not ſuſpect the Perſon, I mean, to be capable of ſuch diſingenuous Dealing; neither did I ſuſpect that I had any Enemy in the World, who would ſtoop ſo low as to encourage it. But what ſhall we ſay? *Birds of a Feather*, &c. ſays a good old Proverb.

It is ſome Conſolation to me under all my Misfortunes, that I am not the only Perſon, who has ſuffer'd for heterodox Opinions in Oxford; I have ſeen with my own Eyes many a young Fellow deny'd his *Degree* upon this Account; I have ſeen them hated, calumniated and in-

inſulted in the moſt diſcouraging manner; ſome have been expell'd before *me*, and we have one remarkable Inſtance ſince, how zealous the reverend Heads of Colleges are to pluck up *Hereſy* by the Roots, and purge away the laſt Dregs of thoſe pernicious Principles which muſt otherwiſe end in the Ruin of the *beſt conſtituted Church in the World.*

You, Sir, in a particular manner deſerve our Thanks, for your many ſtrenuous Pulpit-Attacks upon thoſe two troubleſome *Hereſiarchs, common Senſe* and the Biſhop of *B——r*: I do not mention *common Honeſty*, tho' he is ſorely ſuſpected of Ill-will to the Church, becauſe he has not as yet been formally excommunicated;

Quod diu multumque deſideratum.

I hope what I have ſaid is ſufficient to vindicate my ſelf from a Report, that I am the Author of a late ſcandalous Libel, called, *A Letter from a Student in Grubſtreet to a Reverend High-Prieſt and Head of a College in* Oxford, which, ſome People, ſuppos'd to be levell'd at you: I proteſt to you, Doctor, with one Hand laid orthodoxly upon my Heart, and both my Eyes ſtrain'd up to Heav'n

in

in a very religious manner, that *I know nothing of the matter*; nay, I would ſwear it, were I not well aſſur'd that no body will preſume to queſtion the bare Word of one who liv'd *three* Years (under the Influence of your good Example) in a College where *Lying* and *falſe Witneſs* are ſo exemplarily puniſh'd and diſcourag'd.

I am glad to hear that ſtrict Enquiry is made after the Author and Printer of that villainous Libel, and that the Proſecution of them is undertaken by ſuch able Hands as that eminent Bibliopole, the worthy Mr. *Jonah Bowyer*, and the Right Reverend ———

Let me conclude with aſſuring you that however deſpicably you may think of me, I will ſtill retain the ſame good Opinion of you, that I ever had, and will not fail to pay my Reſpects to you whenever an Opportunity offers; nay, I will frame Opportunities on purpoſe, rather than be wanting in this particular.

That you may long live a Pattern of Learning and Piety to our famous Univerſity; that St. JOHN's College may long enjoy ſo faithful a Steward and indulgent a Father; that as a Reward for

your Virtues, you may taste all the good things of this World, and late, (ah! very late) receive the *Fruits of your Labours* in another, is the constant and hearty Prayer of,

Reverend Sir,

Your most oblig'd,

most obedient,

most devoted, and

most grateful, humble Servant,

Maidstone,
April 1.
1720.

N. AMHURST.

THE

CONTENTS.

THE *Moſaical Creation; a Paraphraſe on the firſt Chapter of* Geneſis Page 1

The Deſtruction of Pharaoh *in the Red Sea* 10

The Legend: A Poem to the Memory of Sir THO. WHITE, *Founder of St.* JOHN's *College in* OXFORD 18

Upon the Death of Mr. ADDISON, *inſcrib'd to the Earl of* WARWICK 23

TARQUIN *and* LUCRECE. *Addreſs'd to a young Lady in* OXFORD, *who had been raviſh'd* 28

CATULLUS *imitated. Epigram* 7 30

CATULLUS *imitated. Ep.* 5 31

CATULLUS *to himſelf* 32

On the Images of the nine leaden Muſes upon the Printing Houſe in Oxford 34

CATULLUS *imitated. Epigram* 58 35

On CLOE. *Epigram* 36

On the tenth of June 36

CUPID *match'd* 36

To a Lady who ſaid ſhe would never marry a Whig 37

CÆLIA *and* LAURA 39

To a Friend in London 40

MAHOMET's *Kingdom* 41

CATULLUS *imitated. Epigram* 81 42

Warm

CONTENTS.

Warning to young married Men 4
JUPITER *and* CLOE 4
Advice to my ſelf, on being threatned to be expell'd, 4
The Freethinker converted 4
To a Friend in London, *upon my returning to Col-*
lege, 5
Upon Parties 5
Upon the ſame 5
An Epilogue for the Tragedy of King HENRY IV. *of*
France; deſign'd to have been ſpoken by CHARLOT-
TA 5
The Wiſh 5
To the Memory of Sir THOMAS TAYLOR 6
To Mrs. CENTLIVRE *at that time dangerouſly ill,* 6
To the ſame 6
Epigram on Dr. CRASSUS 7
On the ſame 7
On the ſame 7
On the ſame 7
To the Author of Sir WALTER RALEIGH 7
The Teſt of Love; containing Queries to a Friend
who fancied himſelf in Love 7
The BOTTLE-SCREW, *a Tale* 8

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader is deſired to obſerve that the Number of the Pages, after P. 72. is printed falſe by ſome Accident, which He is deſired to correct.

THE

THE MOSAICAL CREATION,

Or the First six Days.

A Paraphrase on the first Chapter of GENESIS.

IN the dark Backward of six thousand Years,
(So *Moses* writes and all our Christian Seers)
The World, a rude, unfashion'd *Embryo* lay
Eternal Night, without a glimpse of Day;
Earth, Seas, and Heaven, in one blind *Chaos* thrown,
And Years, and Months, and Days were Names unknown;
'Till God mark'd out th' interminable Space,
And stamp'd Creation on the formless Mass;

Wide o'er the Void his genial Wings he ſpread,
And entity uprear'd its infant head;
Prone to her Center ſunk the Earth below,
And o'er her Face the riſing Waters flow.

LET there be Light, ſaid God; and ſudden light
Sprung from the Deep, and burſt the womb of Night,
Dreadful it gleam'd along the barren Waſte,
Hell ſtartled, and old *Chaos* ſtood aghaſt;
From the dusk gloom he call'd the chearful Light,
Preſcrib'd its Bounds, and wing'd it for the flight.
God ſaw, approv'd, and bleſs'd the ſpreading Ray;
And the *firſt* Ev'ning clos'd the *firſt-created* Day.

AGAIN th' Almighty ſaid; let Us prepare
A wide expanſe of undulating Air;
And let it be, the Waters to remove
Beneath the Firmament, from thoſe above:
He ſpoke benign; and with his out-ſtretch'd Hand
Eſtabliſh'd the immutable Command:
Forthwith thin Vapours from the Gulph ariſe,
Cloud after Cloud, and thicken into Skies;
God ſaw and bleſs'd: while choral Angels play,
And crown with joyful Hymns the *ſecond* Day.

STILL was the Earth in ambient Oceans drown'd,
Nor knew the Waters their appointed bound:

When

When thus again Heaven's all-ſufficient Lord
Thro' the dark Void pronounc'd his pow'rful Word;
Hear and obey, ye Waters, that below
The Firmament in wild diſorder flow;
Be gather'd into one capacious Bed,
And let *Dry-Land* upheave her naked Head:
Th' Almighty thus; and ſudden at the Word,
Obedient down the Hills the Torrents pour'd;
Thro' porous Veins impetuous Waters ſweep,
And headlong crowd into a Chryſtal heap:
Low ſunk beneath, the hollow'd Earth provides
An ample Baſin for the ruſhing Tides.
Emerging Hills and broken Rocks ariſe,
And lift their craggy Summits to the Skies.
God ſaw it, and confirm'd the wiſe Decree,
He nam'd the Dry-land, Earth; the Waters, Sea:
And ſaid, Let luſty verdure cloath the Earth,
And let the Fields conceive a various Birth;
Let tender Graſs, and painted Flow'rs ariſe,
And to the Seaſon truſt their gaudy Dies:
Let lofty Trees their ſhady Honours ſpread,
And fragrant Herbs perfume the ſpringing Mead.

Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! the quick'ning Ground
Spontaneous ſmil'd, with vernal Beauties crown'd:
Flow'r, Herb, and Graſs, ariſe; and o'er the Plain
Mature for Harveſt waves the bearded Grain;

Unplanted Trees drive deep their branching Roots,
Spread in the Air, and bend with golden Fruits.
God saw it, that 'twas good, and bless'd it all,
And the *third* Day beheld the Shadows fall.

AGAIN, said God; let radiant Orbs appear
Thro' the wide Kingdoms of the Hemisphere;
Alternate Day and Darkness to divide,
And o'er the Seasons of the Year preside.

AND God created two vast Orbs of Light,
To bear dividual Rule by Day and Night:
And first the Sun, an huge, unwieldy sphere
He fixt aloft, to lead the circling year;
To spread around his lustre, and bestow
Prolific influence on the World below.
To the bright Car he join'd the flaming Horse,
Furnish'd with Light; and pointed out his Course:
With gen'rous Courage, from the Barrier freed,
O'er the wide Azure, bounds th'aethereal Steed;
Till from afar he views the less'ning East,
And hastens down the ruddy-colour'd West;
There forms, in halcyon waves, a downy bed,
To rest his weary limbs, and quench his burning head.

OPPOS'D to him the silver Moon displays
Her spotted Orb, and burns with fainter Rays;

With

With level'd Aſpect views his golden Urn,
Feaſts on his Beams, and fills her famiſh'd Horn;
Which the Almighty faſhion'd, to preſide
O'er Winds and Waves, and rule the angry Tide;
With ſpangling Stars to join her trembling Light,
And ſhare the gloomy Empire of the Night:
Of ſpangling Stars ſprung forth, at his Command,
And roll'd their deſtin'd Orbs, a num'rous Band;
Darkneſs repuls'd, Day ſcarce could Night out-vye,
And on the World beſtow a brighter Sky.
God ſaw, approv'd, and bleſs'd what he had made,
And the *fourth* Day receiv'd the falling Shade.

And God ſaid; let the fruitful Waters teem,
And moving Creatures glide thro' ev'ry Stream;
Let feather'd Fowl thro' fluid Kingdoms fly,
And with their Pinions fan the floating Sky.

He ſpoke; and ſtrait the pregnant Seas brought forth
And ev'ry Billow teem'd a ſcaly Birth;
The huge Leviathan from Side to Side,
Tumbled along, and flounc'd the thundring Tide;
On the ſmooth Calm the arching Dolphins play,
And ſhape, in ſportive Chace, their liquid way.

While *Embryo* Fowl diſtend the tepid Shells,
Mature for Life, and burſt their ſcanty Cells;

Or loosly rang'd, or firmly wedg'd they rise,
A feather'd Cloud, and blacken half the Skies.
The strong-pounc'd *Eagle*, with unwearied Sight,
Tow'rs the bright Sun to his Meridian height.
The elegiac *Nightingale* prepares
Her ev'ning Song, and sinks in solemn airs.
The *Lark* melodious, poiz'd on levell'd Wings,
Hangs in mid Air, and brisker Carols sings;
Borne on the Breeze her silver Warblings float,
And the Creator swells in every Note.
The crested *Cock*, with a majestick Mien,
Pains his shril Voice, and struts along the Green.
With leathern Oars the silver Swan divides
The Lake, and proudly o'er the Mirrour rides.
While that fair Bird, whose varied Plumes unfold
Myriads of starry Eyes, and Gems of Gold,
With conscious Pride spreads forth his gorgeous Train,
And with brocaded Pinions sweeps the Plain.
God saw that it was good; and, gracious, said,
(In mantling Thunder and in Winds array'd)
Be fruitful, O! ye Creatures, that repair
On painted Wings thro' Fields of buoyant Air;
Be fruitful, O! ye Creatures, that divide
The restless Waves, and cleave the briny Tide;
Female, and Male increase; with genial Seed
Replenish ev'ry Stream, and multiply your Breed.
While yet he spoke, the youthful Sun descends,
And the *fifth* Day in gloomy Darkness ends.

ONCE more th' Almighty ſaid; let fruitful Earth
Unfold her Womb, and teem with num'rous Birth:
Let Cattle in the Field expect their Food,
And ſavage Beaſts frequent the lonely Wood;
Let reptile Animals a nimim Race,
And various Inſects ſwarm in every Place.

STRAITWAY the Earth impregnated, conceives,
And the ſwoln Glebe with num'rous Offspring heaves;
The ſhaggy Lyon, and the briſtled Boar
Riſe into Life, and thro' the Deſart roar;
The Ox and Tyger crowd the peaceful Plain,
And the fleet Courſer ſhakes his flowing Mane;
The vaſt Behemoth, of enormous Size,
Starts from the Glebe, and rolls his glaring Eyes;
* Behemoth, largeſt of all Nature's Race,
With Ribs of Iron, and with Nerves of Braſs;
His Loins are ſtronger than the temper'd Mail,
And like a Cedar moves his length of Tail.

STILL there remains, ſaid God, the nobleſt part,
The Boldeſt Effort of *creating Art:*
After our Likeneſs, let us draw the Plan,
And in our Image build immortal *Man*;
Man o'er the Riches of the Earth to reign,
Of trackleſs Air, and vaſt unbounded Main;

Endow'd

* *Job* 4. 15.

Endow'd with Reaſon, and a pow'r to will,
Inclin'd to Good, tho' not reſtrain'd from Ill.

And from the Duſt God ſhap'd the human Frame,
And in his Noſtrils breath'd the living Flame;
Female and Male he ſhap'd them; to command,
Earth, Air, and Seas, and bleſs his righteous Hand;
The Brute machine confeſs'd th' informing Ray,
And infant Motion warm'd the ſtruggling Clay:
Wak'd into Life, his Eyes begin to roll,
His Heart to beat, to meditate his Soul;
Erect to Heav'n he lifts his ardent Sight,
Charm'd with thoſe glorious Orbs, and Worlds of rolling Light.

FEMALE and Male God ſhap'd the human Frame
Incoporate, conſubſtantial, and the Same;
In the Man's Side, his Conſort, Woman, lay,
Not yet call'd forth to view the chearful Day;
But *Adam* ſlept; for God his Eye-lids preſs'd,
And took the beauteous Female from his Breaſt;
From a ſtol'n *Rib* the ſhining Creature roſe,
Freſh, fair, and ſpotleſs as the falling Snows,
Sparkling and gay as the primœval Light,
Soft to the Touch and lovely to the Sight
With poliſh'd Features, but an artleſs M
Unequal Fate! to damn and bleſs Mank

Like fragant Flow'rs ſhe breathed, commanding Love,
And her Eyes glitter'd, like the Stars above,
So charming was the Mother of our Race,
That Angels gaz'd in tranſport on her Face.

When thus, in Words, which loud as Thunder, broke,
Th' Almighty to his new *Vicegerent* ſpoke;
While liſt'ning Seraphs on each Accent hung,
And Heav'ns high Domes with hallow'd *Ios* rung.

"Hail, thou great maſter-piece of Skill Divine,
"In whom the Features of thy Maker ſhine;
"For thee alone this ſpatious Globe was made,
"And the dark ſearchleſs Plan of Nature laid;
"For Thee the Seaſons and the Year roll round,
"With beauteous Flow'rs and plenteous Harveſts crown'd;
"The Wind, ſubſervient to thy Grandeur blows,
"Each Tree bears Fruit, and every River flows;
"For thee is made, whatever may conduce
"To Pleaſure, Profit, Ornament and Uſe;
"Fiſh, Fowl and Cattle ſhall obey thy Word,
"And Woman own thee her deſpotick Lord.

"Enrich'd with Bleſſings mount thy earthly Throne,
"Subject to thy Creator God alone:
"Female and Male in nuptial Bands be join'd,
"Preſerve your Image and improve your kind.

Thus

THUS ſpake, and ceas'd the dread, omnific God,
And up the Heav'n of Heav'ns triumphant rode;
From whence reclin'd the new-born World he view'd,
His handy Labour, and pronounc'd it Good;
The weſtern Sun now ſhot a feeble Light,
And the *ſixth* Day was wrapt in Shades of Night.

The Deſtruction of *PHARAOH* in the RED-SEA.

A PARAPHRASE *on the fourteenth Chapter of* EXODUS.

STILL unrelenting *Pharaoh*'s Heart remain'd,
And ſtill the Tyrant in his Boſom reign'd;
Moſes in vain out-ſtretch'd the ſacred Rod,
And *Iſrael* groan'd in Bondage to their God,
The pow'rful Arm of Vengeance he defy'd,
Nor could repeated Plagues unbend his Pride:
With *Flies*, with *Hail* and *Fire* in vain he ſtrove,
And noiſome *Boils*, his ſtubborn Heart to move;
The Waters roll'd along a crimſon Flood,
And *Nile* her guilty Banks diſtain'd with Blood,
Locuſts the Promiſe of the Earth deſtroy,
And *Frogs* and *Lice* his Luxuries annoy,

The

The grazing *Cattle* feel a ſudden Wound,
Horſe, Sheep and Camel, preſs th' unwholeſom Ground,
Thro' *Ægypt*'s Coaſts the black'ning Crowds ariſe,
And Darkneſs *to be felt*, involves the Skies:
But ſtill he trifled with divine Command,
And ſcoff'd indignant Heav'n's avenging Hand;
At length th' Almighty gave th' unwilling Stroke
To wreſt his *Choſen* from the painful Yoke;
Throughout the Land, each ſofter Method try'd,
Of Man and Beaſt the guiltleſs *Firſt-born* dy'd,
Alike the Court and Dungeon mourn'd his Hate;
Not *Pharaoh*'s Heir eſcap'd the common Fate;
From every Part promiſcuous Cries were heard,
Horror and univerſal Grief appear'd,
And ſudden *Moſes* and his God were fear'd:
Ev'n *Pharaoh* trembled at the direful Ill,
And wiſh'd to conquer his obdurate Will;
Benumb'd the Tyrant ſtood with ſullen Dread,
And thus to *Moſes* and to *Aaron* ſaid.

" To *Canaan* hence, your promis'd Land, depart,
" Your God at length has quite unmann'd my Heart;
" Some Pow'r unknown ſeems whiſp'ring in my Ear,
" My Thoughts are rouz'd and I begin to fear;
" Wherefore no longer to our Ruin ſtay,
" And with you bear your Flocks and Herds away;
" Be gone this very Night, with all your Hoſt,
" And quit for ever this unhappy Coaſt;

" If

" If ought be wanting, e'er you quit the Land,
" Or Gold or Raiment, ask it from our Hand;
" Go, ſerve that God, whoſe wondrous Works we ſee,
" And oh! derive his Bleſſing upon me;
" Go, e'er it yet repent me of your Flight,
" And my Breaſt harden with returning Light,
" Go, leſt ſome greater Ill we yet endure:
" Enough already, we confeſs his Pow'r!

His preſſing Words the Reverend Prophets heard,
And bowing, from his Preſence diſappear'd;
The pleaſing News at *Goſhen* they relate,
And bear the Tidings of a better Fate:
The *Iſraelite*, from Servitude releas'd,
Which long had chas'd all Comfort from his Breaſt;
Exults triumphant with a keen Delight,
And ſpeeds to *Canaan* his immediate Flight;
With Flocks and Herds, as ſacred Annals ſay,
The joyful Thouſands journey on their Way;
In awful Pomp, the Guardian of their Flight,
An Angel rides before by Day and Night,
By turns in Darkneſs ſeen and ſplendid Light:
High on a Car of *Fire* thro' deſart Sands,
Or a wing'd *Cloud* he leads the reſcued Bands.

Mean while the Tyrant's haughtineſs return'd,
And in his Breaſt rekindling Fury burn'd,

Soon

Soon he repented of his coward grace,
And vow'd Revenge on *Iſrael's* hated Race;
Each ſoft Idea periſh'd in his Mind,
And left gygantick Pride and Rage behind;
With num'rous armed Hoſts, in Dread array,
Wrathful he now purſues them on their way.

When *Iſrael* heard of their approaching Foes,
Unrighteous Fears in ev'ry Tent aroſe;
Thro' devious, lonely Wilds they march along,
A reſtleſs, tim'rous and repining Throng;
At length the Streights of *Chiroth* they obtain,
For ſo did Heav'n by * Stratagem ordain.

To ſtop their Flight the Ocean roll'd before,
And foam'd in thund'ring Volumes to the Shore;
On either Hand the tow'ring Hills aroſe,
And cloſe behind advanc'd their vengeful Foes;
With Foes, with Hills and Seas, begirt around,
And Danger threat'ning their ill-omen'd Ground;
"Do we for this, diſmay'd with Fear, they cry,
"From *Pharaoh*, *Ægypt*, and from Bondage, fly?
"And come we hither then to meet our Doom,
"To make this Deſart our inglorious Tomb?
"Better, ſay they, in *Ægypt* to remain,
"And patient wear the raging Tyrant's Chain;

* See the ſecond Verſe of this Chapter.

" Better to crouch beneath oppreſſive Hate,
" And all the Hardſhips of a ſervile State,
" Than to fall Victims by his powerful Hand,
" And with our Blood enrich the thirſty Sand.

THUS *Iſrael* plain'd, and *Moſes* thus reply'd,
" Huſh'd be your Fears and let your Doubts ſubſide,
" Secure in God, for your Salvation truſt,
" And ſtill believe him to his Promiſe juſt;
" Ev'n now his Thoughts with your Deliverance teem,
" Intent his favourite People to redeem,
" This Day you will behold his riſing Might,
" How wiſe in Council, and how ſtrong in Fight;
" This Day the proud *Ægyptian* he o'erthrows,
" And works the tardy Vengeance on his Foes;
" Go on, as void of Danger, void of Fear,
" Nor let one cauſeleſs Jealouſy appear;
" Ceaſe, ceaſe at length, ungrateful, to complain
" Of his Injuſtice, who relieves your Pain;
" With faithful Hopes expect the promis'd Coaſt,
" Since Heav'n, propitious Heav'n conducts your Hoſt.

HE ſpoke, and rais'd to Heav'n his ardent Eye,
Indulgent Heav'n receiv'd the Prophet's Cry,
And thus did anſwer: " With a pow'rful Hand
" Far o'er the Seas ſtretch forth thy gifted Wand,
" When ſtrait th' obedient Waters ſhall diſpart,
" And Wave from Wave with ſudden Terror ſtart;

" Rear'd

" Rear'd up in Heaps, the Billows ſhall be ſeen,
" And rolling, leave a level Space between,
" Thro' which my choſen *Iſraelites* ſhall go,
" And lead to Ruin the revengeful Foe.

DREADFUL he ſpoke, and nodded from his Throne,
Doubling thro' Air the menial Thunders groan,
And trembling Earth and Heav'n th' eternal God-
head own.

MOSES obey'd the Dictate of his God,
And o'er the Billows ſtretch'd his awful Rod;
From right to left the trembling Seas divide,
And riſe a lympid Wall on either Side;
And ſee! between, to patroniſe their Flight,
An *Area* opens to the wond'ring Sight,
While *Iſrael's* choſen Tribes, a lengthening Train,
Securely paſs the intermediate Plain;
Pharaoh purſu'd with unrelenting Hate,
In all his dreadful Tyranny and State;
But now behold and fear Almighty Pow'r,
Behold the Vengeance of one fatal Hour!
Moſes again out-ſtretch'd his Rod from Shore,
The Winds are huſh'd, returning Waters roar,
The following Hoſts in whelming Oceans ſleep,
And Horſe and Horſeman periſh in the Deep.

THEN

THEN might you ſee, in all his gorgeous Pride,
Great *Pharaoh* ſtruggling with the ſtubborn Tide;
Then might you hear him curſe his Fate in vain,
His Pride, Ambition and oppreſſive Reign;
Too late Remorſe upbraids his tortur'd Soul,
And booming o'er his Head the Billows roll.

THE Sons of *Iſrael* from the Banks ador'd
The mighty Vengeance of their heav'nly Lord;
His Pow'r with joy and wonder they confeſs'd,
And Faith reviv'd in ev'ry glowing Breaſt;
To Heav'n the Shouts of Gratitude they raiſe,
And the wide Plains reſound with Hymns of praiſe.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is fabulouſly reported, that Sir *Thomas White* (ſometime Lord Mayor of *London*) having been informed in a Dream, that he ſhould found a College for the Education of Youth in Religion and Learning, where *Three* ſeveral Trunks iſſued from *One* Root; came to *Oxford*; and finding ſomething like his Dream near *Gloſter-Hall*, began to build there; but meeting afterwards with three Trees near St. *Bernard*'s College, which more directly anſwered to it, left off building at *Gloſter-Hall*; and purchaſed Ground, and endowed a College there, by the Name of St. *John Baptiſt College*. The very ſame Trees (as they tell you) ſcarce at all decay'd in ſo many Years, are ſtill to be ſeen there, and particularly reſpected by the Preſident and Fellows.

Vid. Plot's *Nat. Hiſt. of* Oxfordſh.

THE LEGEND: A POEM

To the MEMORY of Sir THOMAS WHITE, Founder of St. *John's* College in *Oxford*.

---- Καὶ γὰρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστιν. Hom. Il.
For God is also in ſleep and dreams adviſe,
Which he has ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging. Milton. Par. Loſt.

HAIL, to the Man, whom ſacred thirſt of Fame
Amongſt the ſtars enroll'd a ſhining Name!
In whoſe great Soul *Apollo* fix'd his Seat,
And exil'd Virtue found a ſafe Retreat:

Who,

Who, only to exhauſt, increas'd his Store;
And ſpar'd himſelf, that he might give the more.

SAY, Muſe, how ſtill his Sacred Aſhes live,
And o'er the Triumphs of the Grave ſurvive:
What Bleſſings ſtream'd from his indulgent Hand,
Like morning-Dews, and* ſpread o'er half the Land:
How the big embryo's brooded in his Mind,
And ſleep confirm'd what Heav'n and WHITE deſign'd.

PARDON, great Shade! long ſince from Earth retir'd,
The pious tranſport of a Youth inſpir'd:
Inſpir'd to ſing in unambitious lays,
A grateful Tribute to his *Founder's* praiſe.

HIS Virtues Heav'n with vaſt abundance crown'd,
Induſtrious to diffuſe his Gifts around;
Th' immortal Power well knew his boundleſs Mind,
Whom to enrich was to enrich Mankind.

WITH ſilent joy he ſaw his Wealth increaſt,
New plans of Bounty forming in his Breaſt;
And with the ſame profuſion it was giv'n,
He laviſh'd the Benevolence of Heav'n:
Fortune diſarm'd contracts a guiltleſs brow,
Forc'd to a Juſtice ſhe repines to ſhow:

Pale

*He was Benefactor to moſt of the Cities and Corporations in *England*.

Pale want and hunger are in plenty loſt,
And Charity ſhakes off her wonted Froſt.

OLD Ocean thus into his ample Main
Receives each circling River's copious Train;
Nor ſtudious to extend his antient Bounds,
And whelm in roaring Seas the frontier Grounds,
Thro' many a porous ſubterranean Cave
Returns each ſupernumerary Wave;
Or pours it back in rich Supplies of Rain,
To ſwell the redd'ning Grape, and plump the teeming (Grain.

IT chanc'd, when ſoft Favonian guſts untie
The ſtiff'ned Floods, and warm the frozen Sky;
When genial heats diſtil on every Gale,
And various *Flora* paints the bluſhing Vale:
The ſmiling Seaſon call'd our Hero forth,
To view her op'ning Blooms, and lab'ring Earth:
Silent he ſtrays along the lonely Mead,
Where Shrubs their aromatick Fragrance bleed;
His Thoughts a while unbent from doing Good,
Wrapt in the Murmurs of the Vocal flood:
When, faint with Age, or ſudden Cares oppreſs'd,
On the green Herb he ſtretch'd his Limbs to reſt;
Thick Shades, obſequious to the Call, ariſe,
And a deep Slumber ſeals his weary Eyes;

His Fancy ſtill awake; the roving Gueſt
Uſurps the Throne of Reaſon in his Breaſt:
Forms great Ideas, and religious Schemes,
A buſy *mime*, and floats in golden Dreams.

For ſee! thro' Air an Angel wings his Flight,
Shrin'd in a Radiance of æthereal Light;
An Olive wreath his flaming Temples bound,
Which ſeem'd to caſt a breezy Shade around:
With Wings expanded o'er the Heroe's Head,
In Words like theſe, the glorious Viſion ſaid.

"Hail, pious Man! in ev'ry Fortune prov'd
"Wiſe, good and juſt; by God and Man belov'd!
"Diſpatch'd from Heav'n I come; what I relate,
"Hear and believe, and ſpeed the Birth of Fate.

"Where the fam'd *Iſis* laves the verdant Soil
"With fruitful Streams, and crowns the Farmer's Toil;
"Sacred to Learning ſumptuous Domes ariſe,
"And heave their hoary Summits to the Skies:
"Amid theſe reverend Piles, the Seats of Worth,
"An Elm luxuriant lifts her triple Birth;
"Which Heav'n induſtrious planted, to withſtand
"The Rage of Time, and mock his iron Hand:
"In comely Rank the ſiſter Trees upſhoot,
"Share the ſame vital Sap and parent Root.

There-

" There ſhalt thou build (for ſo hath Heav'n decreed;
" As Heav'n enjoins, he will reward the Deed)
" A ſtately Dome, majeſtic to the Sight,
" And ſolid Stone ſhall bear its quadrate Height:
" There infant Bards ſhall try the golden Lyre,
" And ſoften into Sound the jarring Wire:
" There ſhall the Muſe eſſay her tender Wings
" In humble Strains, and tremble as ſhe ſings;
" Till, by degrees emboldened to the Flight,
" She ſoars on high, and gains a loftier height.
" From thence ſhall flow a venerable Race,
" Vers'd in each Art, and form'd with ev'ry Grace:
" Men turn'd to ſerve in all degrees of Life,
" To limit Laws, or quell ſeditious Strife;
" To guard the Church, or ſway a ſtormy State,
" For pious Counſels fam'd, and cool Debate:
" Who fond and ſtudious of the public Weal,
" Shall ſerve their Country with an ardent Zeal;
" With native Freedom bold, deſpiſe the Rage
" Of daring Frenzy, and a rebel Age.

" Haste then, great Man, to act as Heav'n decreed,
" And to late Times tranſmit the God-like Deed:
" Let the high Dome, Immortaliz'd to Fame,
" Worthy the *Baptiſt*, bear the *Baptiſt*'s Name.

So ſpake the Viſion, and reſumes the Skies,
While downy Sleep forſakes the Heroe's Eyes:

Still,

Still, loſt in Extaſy, he ſeems to hear;
Still the ſoft Accents murmur in his Ear;
Still glow'd his Breaſt, with deep Attention charm'd;
Still throb'd his Heart, with pious Ardour warm'd;
His inmoſt Soul with eager Glory fir'd,
Reſolv'd to execute what Heav'n inſpir'd:
The great Foundation grows his hourly Theme,
And riſing Roofs confeſs the golden Dream.

Upon the DEATH of,

Mr. *ADDISON*;

Inſcrib'd to the

EARL of *WARWICK*.

IF yet, my Lord, your Sorrows find relief,
And a ſhort Pauſe ſucceeds your weighty Grief;
With Candour this unwelcome Verſe peruſe,
The laſt kind Office of a grateful Muſe:
Nor needs the grateful Muſe to court thy Ear,
Which ſheds for ADDISON a pious Tear;
And jointly ſorrows, with pathetick Rage,
The greateſt Genius of the greateſt Age;

Whom

Whom Rival-wits with Veneration name,
And the foul Lips of Party durſt not blame.

WHAT ſecret Curſe attends the Poet-line?
How have the Muſes urg'd the Wrath divine?
Say, holy Sires, is Poetry a Crime?
Or whence theſe Judgments on the Sons of Rhime?
Why are the nobleſt Spirits ſnatch'd away
In their full Blaze of intellectual Day?
While Crowds of worthleſs Drones are left behind,
Grown white with Years, the Lumber of Mankind,
That loll, fat Canons, in ſome lazy Stall,
Or thoughtleſs ſleep within a College Wall?
To its full Length they ſtretch the mortal Span,
Nor loſe a Moment of the Age of Man;
But dully dreaming out their vital Store,
Drop ripe into their Graves, and are no more.

SCARCE have our tender Sorrows ceas'd to flow
For courtly GARTH, and ſoft-complaining ROWE;
Like OVID witty one; in one conſpire
OTWAY's prevailing Art, and LUCAN's Fire:
Both theſe together drain'd our laviſh Eyes;
Will not *two* Poets in a Year ſuffice?
Shall twelve ſhort Months an Age's Woes ingroſs,
And ADDISON compleat the Nation's Loſs.

WHO then in manly Numbers ſhall record
The future, glorious Deeds of BRUNSWICK's Sword?
Who now correct the Follies of the Age,
Or give new Luſtre to the *Britiſh* Stage?
With Foreign Stores enrich his native Land,
Or deign to youthful Bards his willing Hand?

GREAT as he was, the Monarch of the Bays,
Plac'd far above the reach of mortal Praiſe;
In every Thought tho' Wit Divine appear,
Yet aw'd by modeſt dread and cautious Fear,
Seldom (too ſeldom!) did he put it forth,
Still moſt ambitious to conceal his Worth;
Stunn'd with applauding Crowds, he check'd his Flight,
And, wearied with Admirers, fear'd to write;
In his own Praiſe he felt a painful Shame,
And bluſh'd at the Abundance of his Fame.

So the fair Virgin with Confuſion hears
Her Charms extol'd, and ſhuts her tortur'd Ears;
From the Encomiums of the Youth ſhe flies,
And ſtrives to hide the Luſtre of her Eyes.

FROM this great Maſter of poetick Art,
Ye num'rous Bards that ſwarm in ev'ry Part,
And with laborious Nonſenſe load the Preſs,
Learn to contemplate more, and ſcribble leſs:

Learn, from this great Example, to command
Your Thirſt of Fame, and ſtop an itching Hand:
Think not that Wit in bulky Volumes lies,
(Alas what witleſs Volumes daily riſe.)
Oft is it wanting in a thouſand Lines,
And often in a ſingle Couplet ſhines.

While others on a part of Learning dwell,
Proud in one ſingle Science to excel;
And as the ſcatter'd Stars adorn the Sky,
In diff'rent Arts their diff'rent Talents try;
Nor aim at more; great ADDISON alone
No Branch of human Knowledge left unknown;
But like the Sun inimitably bright,
Shone with collected Rays, the ſource of Light;
In Verſe or Proſe, with more than mortal Art,
He ſtruck the Paſſions, and he warm'd the Heart:
Various, but ſtill unrival'd, was his Song,
Now ſoft like OVID, now like VIRGIL ſtrong:
For ev'ry Theme his Genius was the ſame,
And each new Piece ſtill added to his Fame.

BUT whither is this Boaſt of *Britain* fled?
Lies the great Author of our Glory dead?
Shall we, tormenting Thought! expect in vain,
A ſecond CATO or a new CAMPAIN?
Why did not gracious Heav'n prolong his Date,
And ſhield him from the Rage of envious Fate?

Why

Why did th' Almighty truſt this common Good,
To the frail Elements of Fleſh and Blood;
Expos'd to Ills, and ſubject to Decay,
The feeble, ſhort-liv'd Creature of a Day?
Why was his Life not boundleſs as his Mind,
To bleſs the future Ages of Man kind?

But Heav'n to puniſh our repeated Crimes,
Call'd him from Earth to breathe in happier Climes:
For now in the gay manſions of the Skies
(If there the promis'd Land of Glory lies)
With kindred Bards that liv'd in earlieſt Days,
The rev'rend Fathers of harmonious Lays,
He joyns his tuneful Voice, his Lyre he ſtrings,
And Maro liſtens whilſt his Rival ſings;
Great Somers fixes on his well known Face,
And Cato greets him with a ſtern Embrace.

TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

Addreſs'd to a young LADY *in* OXFORD, *who had been raviſh'd.*

OF Dames who in ſtrict Virtue glory,
In antient or in modern Story;
The fam'd LUCRETIA bears the Bell,
An arrant Prude, as Authors tell;
So ſqueamiſh, fanciful and nice,
She ſtartled at the Thought of Vice;
For having once, *againſt her Will*,
And with a Prince committed Ill;
Poſſeſs'd with ſtrange romantick Pride,
She ſtab'd her ſelf, forſooth, and dy'd;
For ſhe would no Example give,
For future Proſtitutes to live:

(Lord

(Lord help her! if the Sex will ſport,
They never want Examples for't)
This Feat of hers alarm'd the Age,
And ſet the Nation in a Rage;
Each Roman Cit was ſeiz'd with Dread,
Thought the Horns ſprouting on his Head;
With Doubts and Jealouſies perplext,
Leſt his own Turn ſhould be the next:
And therefore all reſolve as one,
To rout both Father and the Son;
Bad may you think was TARQUIN's Caſe;
Him they expel and all his Race;
His Name, and ev'n the Name of Kings,
(For Rapes were then no trivial Things)
The State grew popular and common,
And all by one poor ſilly Woman.

BUT tho' this Deed in former Days
Procur'd our Madam wondrous Praiſe;
Yet let not any modern Beauty
Hence raſhly judge, that 'tis her Duty,
For every little breach of Honour,
To take LUCRETIA's Air upon her;
(For in this ſtrict religious Seaſon,
Such Cautions can't be void of Reaſon)
In ancient Times the Roman Dame,
To ſave her Virtue and her Fame,

According

According to the *Pagan* Creed,
Might do a meritorious Deed;
She might ------ but in a *Chriſtian* Nation,
Self Murther's worſe than *Violation.*

CATULLUS imitated *Ep.* 7.

Quæris quot mihi Baſſiationes.

IN vain, my gentle Charmer, you inquire
How many thouſand Kiſſes I deſire;
Say firſt, how many Sands the Shores contain,
And Drop by Drop the boundleſs Ocean drain;
Count all the Stars that gild the ſilent Night,
And glitter, conſcious of each ſtol'n Delight:
Count all the Leaves, that on ten thouſand Trees
Tremble, obedient to the Morning Breeze:
Count all the Courtiers Arts, the Tradeſman's Lies,
The Miſer's Wiſhes, and the Lover's Sighs,
Then will I tell thee, nor till then enquire,
How many thouſand Kiſſes I deſire;
Scarce will Arithmetick the Sum explain,
Millions on Millions multiply'd in vain.

CA-

CATULLUS imitated. *Ep.* 5.

WHILE Life, my Dear, remains, enjoy thy Charms,
And deaf to Cenſure, take me to thy Arms;
The Evening Sun deſcends into the Main,
And ſets, to riſe with brighter Beams again;
The Lilly folds her Beauties up at Night,
And opens fairer to the morning Light:
But you, to charm no more, reſign your Breath,
And ſleeping, moulder in eternal Death;
For a few Years the vital Oil may burn,
And to your native Nothing you return:
Wherefore let's love this fleeting Life away,
And laugh at what ill-natur'd Churchmen ſay:
O let me on thy panting Breaſt recline,
And preſs my burning, humid Lips to thine;
A thouſand Kiſſes let me firſt implore,
And after them a thouſand thouſand more;
A thouſand thouſand let me ſtill repeat,
Till my Joys grow as numberleſs as great,
Till envious Tongues in their Account are croſt,
And magick in her ſecret Art is loſt.

CA-

CATULLUS to Himself.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire.

AT length, CATULLUS, give thy Follies o'er,
Nor vainly wish lost Pleasures to restore;
Thou hast indeed been blest with golden Days,
And Suns have rose with more auspicious Rays,
While frequently thy lov'd one thou didst see,
More lov'd, than any other shall, by me.
All then was Mirth, and Joy succeeding Joy,
For ever new, nor was thy Charmer coy:
Your Sighs she heard, was to your Wishes kind,
And to your Will she constantly resign'd:

THEN wast thou bless'd indeed with golden Days,
Then the Suns rose with more auspicious Rays:

BUT since the false one thy Embraces flies,
Do thou contemn the Joy, which she denies,
Court not against her Will the servile Kiss,
Nor in a fickle Woman place thy Bliss:

Turn from thy manly Breaſt the faithleſs Dame,
Aſſert thy Freedom, and ſubdue thy Flame.

'Tis done, my childiſh Follies I give o'er;
Adieu, vain thing! Catullus ſighs no more;
No more to thee he ſighs, nor tamely ſues,
For what, in ſcornful Pride, thou doſt refuſe;
But thou ſhalt mourn thy own perverſe Diſdain,
And long to feel me in thy Arms, in vain;
For, what new Joys our Raptures will ſucceed?
Who now ſubmiſſive at thy Feet will bleed?
Who after me thy fading Charms admire?
Whom wilt thou chuſe to quench thy raging Fire?
Whoſe Lips with eager Kiſſes wilt thou bite,
And in whoſe Arms enjoy the luſcious Night?
For now my childiſh Follies I give o'er;
Adieu, vain thing! Catullus ſighs no more.

On the IMAGES of the NINE LEADEN MUSES upon the new Printing-Houſe in *OXFORD*.

An EPIGRAM.

IN *Oxford* Crouds of ſtupid Bards are found,
Where of all Places bright ones ſhould abound;
Dull plodding Blockheads, without Senſe or Fire,
Toil hard for Fame, and to the Bays aſpire:
From deep Logicians ſhallow Wits commence,
Old Dogs at Rhime, no matter for the Senſe;
If the Lines flow but ſmooth, and jingle well,
The Man's a Poet, and his Verſes ſell;
Nor is it ſtrange, but rightly weigh the thing,
That our ſoft Bards ſo indolently ſing,
Or that the Genius of the Place is dead,
When our inſpiring Muſes breathe in *Lead*:
High on the ſtately Dome, with Harp in hand,
Their lumpiſh Deities exalted ſtand,

Fix'd

Fix'd as a publick Mark, that all might know,
What wretched heavy Stuff they print below.

CATULLUS imitated. *Ep.* 58.

CLOE, dear JACK, that once victorious Name,
CLOE, the Object of my raging Flame,
Whom I did more than Life or Friendſhip prize,
In *Fleetſtreet* now a common Strumpet plies,
Turns up to ev'ry Puppy in the Town,
And claps the *Temple* Rake for half a Crown.

On the SAME.

CLOE, as ſoon as ſhe has plaid the Whore,
Repents the Deed, and vows to do't no more;
With the next Man ſhe meets, to cure her Pain,
She breaks her Vow, repents, and vows again;
Breaks it again, ſo yielding is the Dame,
And does the next Day and the next the ſame;
Or keep thy Vows, frail Nymph, or vow no more,
Ceaſe to repent, or ceaſe to play the Whore.
Plain *Fornication* is a venial Evil,
But *Perjury* leads headlong to the Devil.

On the Tenth of *JUNE*.

Stuck upon the School Walls in *OXFORD*.

IF Fame ſays true, on this auſpicious Morn
A Beggar, Coward, and a Fool was born;
By lazy lineal Right, three Crowns he claims,
And cloaths his wandring Friends with mimick Names;
Proud of his fancied Birth, he boaſts his Race,
And apes his mighty Sires in ev'ry Grace.
With the firſt C H——s in Bigotry he vies,
Fierce like the Second to the Battle flies,
Like J——s he's gracious, and like A—A wife.

CUPID match'd.

AS from the Honeycomb one Day,
Young CUPID filch'd the Sweets away,
Intent on the felonious Wrong,
A watchful Bee his Fingers ſtung.

Im-

Impatient of the Smart and Pain,
He frets, and puffs, and ſtamps in vain.
To VENUS in a Rage he flies,
And ſniv'ling, ſee Mamma, he cries,
What Miſchief lurks in little Things,
A ſcurvy Bee this Torment brings:
Shall ſuch vile Inſects, quoth the Boy,
The Pleaſures of a God deſtroy?

WHILE thus with peeviſh Rage he burn'd,
The Goddeſs, with a Smile return'd.

CEASE, Child, thy Wonder at the hurtful Bee
A Pow'r more hurtful is repos'd in Thee,
Like that fierce Animal on ſlender Wings,
Thou roam'ſt abroad; thy Arrows are thy Stings:
Tho' ſmall thy Stature ſeem, thy fatal Darts
Subdue Almighty Strength, and pierce immortal Hearts.

To a LADY who ſaid ſhe would never marry a WHIG.

MUST BRUNSWICK and his Friends for ever bear,
The keen Reſentments of the *Britiſh* Fair?
Still crown'd with Glory, muſt he curſe his Fate,
Fear'd by the World, expos'd to Female Hate?

In vain, he boaſts, how firm his Empire ſtands;
How the World liſtens to his dread Commands;
Beneath his Sword how many Thouſands fell;
What boots Dominion if the Fair rebel?
To court their Favour firſt deſerves his Care,
No Policies avail againſt the Fair;
To check their Fury, all Attempts are vain,
Leagues have no Power, and Armies meet diſdain.

YET ſay, what Virtue or ſuperior Grace,
What hidden Charms exalts the TORY Race?
The youthful WHIG, with as polite an Air,
Sings, dreſſes, dances, and gallants the Fair;
With the ſame ſcorching Fires and nervous Heats,
His Pulſes kindle, and his Boſom beats;
He loves as fiercely as the Tory Swain,
And burns with equal Rage, tho' burns in vain.

TOO raſhly, fair one, you condemn our Cauſe;
And judge of our Deſerts by partial Laws.
Think not the WHIG, what falſely ſome pretend,
To lawleſs Rule and Anarchy a Friend;
Foe to the Church, of an abandon'd Life,
And a moſt horrid Creature to his Wife;
That with a double Edge his Tenets ſtrike,
And wound his Monarch and his Spouſe alike;
For tho' my Soul deſpotick Pow'r diſdains,
Yet gladly it ſubmits to female Chains;

In

In Love no free-born Liberties I crave,
An humble, *paſſive*, *non-reſiſting*, Slave.

CATULLUS imitated. *Ep.* 84.

CÆLIA and *LAURA.*

CÆLIA to many does the VENUS ſeem,
Of all the reigning Nymphs near *Iſis* Stream,
The Toaſt of Coxcombs, and the Poet's (Theme
To me (th' impartial Truth I will declare)
Her Eyes ſeem ſprightly, her Complection fair,
Plump are her Limbs, majeſtick is her Air.
And yet no VENUS is the buxom Dame;
Since nought Divine informs her bulky Frame,
No Charm to merit that illuſtrious Name.
But LAURA is a VENUS in the Whole,
Whoſe awful Title no Defects controul,
Unblemiſh'd in her Body and her Soul;
In her, a graceful Shape, a comely Mien,
And all the Charms of all the Sex are ſeen;
Still riſing in her Bloom; but juſt *Eighteen.*

To a FRIEND in *LONDON*.

WELL doſt thou aſk me in thy friendly Lays,
How in this factious Place I ſpend my Days:
Why briefly thus; as is the modiſh way,
Seldom I read, and much more ſeldom pray:
Logick I like not, that mechanick Art,
To prove the *Whole* is greater than a *Part:*
Divinity and *Law* alike diſpleaſe;
In ſhort, I love my Bottle and my Eaſe;
The Tenor of a College Life I keep,
Eat thrice a Day, pun, ſmoke, get drunk, and ſleep.

NEVER to Love I tune my artleſs String,
For to what She at *Oxford* ſhou'd I ſing;
Our firſt-rate Toaſts, that ſparkle at the Ball,
Scarce riſe above the Shop-board or the Stall;
A vulgar Race ----- yet ſo confounded vain,
They ſtrut in tawdry Silks, and ſpurn at ev'ry Swain:
Wherefore ſome holy Dotard let them wed,
And take the rev'rend Lumber to their Bed;

There

There let the Doctor, in a wanton Mood,
Drudge out the laſt dull Spirits of his Blood:
For me, by Heav'n, with ſome damn'd common Dame,
Sooner at *Wyburn*'s would I quench my Flame;
Take the lewd Strumpet to my warm Embrace,
Than mix with ſuch a ſcoundrel haughty Race.

Oxon Dec. 20, 1718.

MAHOMET's Kingdom.

EER the ſixth Age the Chriſtian Faith decreas'd,
And ſtubborn Errors ſpread o'er all the Eaſt;
The *Judas* Prieſt, debauch'd with ſenſual Pride
Aſpir'd to Empire which his Lord deny'd;
The Layman too, from preſent Joys debarr'd,
Spurn'd at the Promiſe of a late Reward;
Which *Mahomet* obſerv'd, and in his Mind,
The crafty *Kingdom of this World* deſign'd;
He ſaw how vain was all perſuaſive Art,
The Task how tedious to convince the Heart;
In ſpite of Truth that Hereſies prevail'd,
That Signs from Heaven, and Miracles had fail'd;
And boldly therefore, in th' Almighty's Name,
Arm'd with the Sword, and carnal Weapons came;

In

In Fields of Blood he prov'd his Miſſion true,
And who embrac'd not what he taught, he ſlew;
Nor was our Prophet wanting to delude,
The fearful, dull, believing Multitude;
To their own Wiſh he fram'd his Paradiſe,
A courtly Manſion of celeſtial Vice;
Fair Virgins, purling Brooks, and flow'ry Shades,
Delicious Themes! for your *Arabian* Blades.
What airy *Belle*, or modiſh courtly Knight,
Whom lewd Intrigues and Gallantry delight,
Cou'd not with Eaſe think that Religion good,
Which courts his Senſe, appeals to Fleſh and Blood?
Thy Wit we all, O *Mahomet*, applaud,
Tho' Heav'n commands us to deteſt the Fraud;
Wealth to thy Sons on Earth and Pow'r is given,
And after Death, a ſoft luxurious Heaven.

CATULLUS imitated. *Ep.* 81.

BEfore her Husband, LESBIA calls me Names,
And at the Lewdneſs of the Town exclaims;
This tickles the poor Cuckold to the Life,
And he thanks Heav'n for ſuch a virtuous Wife.
Contented Fool! ----- indeed you reaſon wrong,
If ſhe were virtuous, ſhe would hold her Tongue;
Scandal and Noiſe her Virtue do not prove,
But are the Marks of unextinguiſh'd Love

Still,

Still, in her Veins, the wanton Itch prevails,
And, in the madneſs of her Luſt, ſhe rails.

Warning to young married MEN.

WHILOM in *Kent* there liv'd a jolly Swain,
Young *Colinet*, the Genius of the Plain;
Sonnets he wrote, could ſing and whiſtle well
Crack witty Jokes, and merry Stories tell;
At Wakes and Weddings always led the Dance,
And drew from every Laſs the wiſhful Glance;
Courteous he was, and skilful to perſwade;
Soon to his Lures he won the Parſons Maid;
He married, and (O mournful to relate!)
Grew a meer Tyrant in the nuptial State;
Aſſum'd Dominion o'er his trembling Wife,
And prov'd a very Husband all his Life;
No more as once he charm'd her liſt'ning Ear,
Call'd her no more, *my Honey*, and *my Dear*;
But daily, from his Work, returning Home,
With dreadful Oaths and Curſes ſhook the Room;
To ev'ry humble Queſtion he'd reply,
You ſaucy B-tch, G-d d--n you, what care I?
No Anſwer would the frowning Churl afford,
But ſnapt the Woman ſhort at ev'ry Word;

When

When to the Alehouſe, from his Pipe and Pot,
She came to fetch the drunken midnight Sot;
Out of the Houſe, he cry'd, *be gone! away!*
And reeling, ſtammer'd in her Ears, *Obey!*
Then ſhook the Crab-tree Cudgel in his Hand
The well-known Enſign of his ſtern Command.

Tir'd out at Length with this vexatious Courſe,
And finding ev'ry Day that it grew worſe,
She vow'd, grown deſp'rate, to revenge her Wrong,
And bear no longer what ſhe bore ſo long;
To a brisk, neighb'ring Barber ſhe apply'd,
With all my Heart, the gallant Barber cry'd:
Now whilſt Abroad the Tyrant-bumpkin roams,
With ſilent Haſte the watchful Lecher comes;
Her welcome Gueſt the injur'd Wife receives,
And for politer Work her *Spinning* leaves.
Up Stairs ſhe leads him, ſprings into his Arms,
And fir'd with Tranſport, opens all her Charms:
Now, *Colly*, triumph now, in Scorn ſhe ſaid,
Proud of the Honours that adorn thy Head.

Three Times the pleaſing Vengeance they repeat,
And with becoming Horns the *Brute* compleat.

JUPITER and CLOE.

YOung CLOE, frolickſome and gay,
Was reading, once upon a Day,
How JOVE, as OVID's Lines record
(And Ladies will take OVID's Word)
Us'd to deſcend in borrow'd Shapes,
And ſport in Cuckoldoms and Rapes.
Delightful Stories! ----- as ſhe read,
A Maggot jump'd into her Head:
Thus to her ſelf, " Does JOVE then mind,
' Us mortal Girls? Extremely kind!
' Now I'll be further, quoth the Dame,
" If this looſe God be not the ſame,
" Dreſs'd in rich Velvet and Brocade,
" That won my Heart laſt Maſquerade;
' Hold ---- let me think ---- it muſt be ſo,
' It could not be a common Beau.
" Lord! there was ſomething ſo Divine ----
' Well, hang it all, I'll not repine;
" For if his Godſhip likes the Sport,
" He'll never damn a Body for't.

AD

ADVICD to my ſelf on being threatned to be expell'd

PRithee, dear NICK, thy wicked Life amend,
And take the Counſel of thy neareſt Friend:
No more, preſumptuous Boy, with impious airs,
Prefer the tempting Bottle to thy Prayers;
No more at *Newnham*, nor at *Woodſtock* dine;
Abandon FINMORE's Ale and RICHMOND's Wine;
No more by Water, nor on Horſeback rove,
Nor Mind the gadding Girls in *Maudlin* Grove;
Ceaſe with repeated Crimes to urge the Spleen
Of the grave * *Vice* and *Silver-button'd* † Dean;
Ah! that with them alone thou hadſt to ſtrive,
For they are candid both, and will forgive;
But Crowds of ev'ry Species are thy Foes,
Fops, Ladies, Critics, Parſons, Wits, and Beaux;
All theſe united with revengeful Hate,
Vow thy Deſtruction, and conſpire thy Fate.

CRASSUS

---

* The Vice-Preſident,
† The Dean of the College.

CRASSUS on thee contracts his wrathful Brows,
And SEMIVIR thy ſpeedy Ruin Vows:
Whither, expell'd, for Succour wilt thou run?
Thy Fortune ſquander'd, and thy Fame undone?
A dark blind Room in *Grub-ſtreet* wilt thou take,
And venial Ditties, for thy living, make?
Wilt thou in Love-odes, or in Satire deal,
Tranſlate old Authors, or from modern ſteal?
In mournful elegiac Rhimes complain,
Or try thy Fate in the dramatick Strain?
Theſe all are Arts in which but few prevail,
For one that gets a Dinner, twenty fail.
Or wilt thou rather, ſtudious of Succeſs,
Lay Schemes with C--L, and ply the ſpurious Preſs.
By Fraud and Artifice obtain Renown,
And with decoying Titles cheat the Town;
While he ſhall grant thee, to reward thy Flight,
At Noon a Dinner, and a Whore at Night?
No, this to Want and Infamy will lead,
Soon will he turn thee off, when none will read.
Think then betimes, thy former Courſe forſake,
Eſpouſe the Church at laſt, and quit the Rake;
Check thy free-thinking Vein, thy Sins acknowledge,
And grow a dull, old *Fellow* of a *College*.

The

The FREE-THINKER converted.

SIR *Fopling*, croſt in Love and ſtript at Play,
Penſive and grumbling on his Pillow lay;
How vain ſays he, are all the Things below,
Sway'd by a *Woman*, or a fickle *Throw*?
Is this the boaſted Pow'r of humane Souls,
Which Fortune or a fooliſh Wench controuls?
No, we are Slaves; our Nature is a Cheat,
And Reaſon ſerves to ſhew us the Deceit;
The ſervile Tools of Providence we live,
Content with what the Heav'ns vouchſafe to give:
Life on ſuch niggard Terms I ſcorn to keep,
Death take me hence —— he ſpoke and dropt aſleep.

WHEN to his Fancy there appear'd a ſpright,
Such as old Wives, upon a Winter Night,
Deſcribe to keep the naughty Boys in awe,
With two long ſpindle Shanks, a lantern Jaw;
Nor Fleſh nor Skin the Phantom ſeem'd to have,
Ycleped *Death*, the Monarch of the Grave;

A Tyrant, dreaded by the old and young,
His dry Bones rattled as he ſtalk'd along.

KIND Heav'n, ſays he, has heard thy urgent Pray'r,
And takes thee from a World beneath thy Care;
Lo! thus I execute his high Command,
And ſhook the Hour-glaſs in his ſcraggy Hand;
Then poizing for the Blow his barbed Dart,
Aim'd it directly at the Coxcomb's-Heart.

SIR *Fopling*, ſtartled at the fancied Stroke,
Shrunk from the Point, and in his Fears awoke;
A cold, damp Sweat his dewy Cheeks o'erſpread,
And his Limbs trembled all with panick Dread;
Upon his Knees the gracious Pow'rs he bleſt,
And the Preſumption of his Heart confeſs'd:
Quite alter'd now from what he was before,
He rakes and rattles and blaſphemes no more;
Grows a meer Saint, converted in a Fright,
And ſays his Pray'rs devoutly ev'ry Night.

To a FRIEND in *LONDON*, upon my returning to COLLEGE.

WHile You, dear TOM, in *London* City,
Aſſociate with the fair and witty,
And, gayly rambling o'er the Town,
Take the brisk Juice in Bumpers down;
Or, charm'd with the perſuaſive Stage,
Laugh at the Follies of the Age;
To COLLEGE wretched I return,
And Day and Night with Spleen I burn:
From jovial Friends, from Pipe and Bottle,
To Pray'rs and muſty ARISTOTLE,
From decent Meals, and wholſome Wines,
To foggy * COLL. and Mutton Loins,
From well-bred Mirth, to ſtupid Puns,
Of Pedants and of COLLEGE Dons,
My happy courſe of Life I change;
No more I dreſs, no more I range,
But penſive mope within all Day,
And ſleep and rhime the Hours away;

* College Ale.

A gentle Song to LAURA ſend,
Or ſcribble ſomething to my Friend;
This Morning, as I ſtalk'd about,
Theſe Lines to thee I hammer'd out.

THOU, *TOM*, with Rapture and Delight,
Enjo'ſt the fair one in thy Sight,
The fair one too perhaps on thee,
Smiles, as ſhe tattles o'er her Tea:
Whilſt far from theſe diſtracted Eyes,
My abſent LAURA's Image flies,
To her my conſtant Thoughts I bend,
In Sighs to her my Wiſhes ſend;
In vain from Sighs I hope Relief,
And *Thinking* but augments my Grief;
Her diſtant Lips I ſeem to kiſs,
And cheat my ſelf with fancy'd Bliſs.

EXCUSE me, that I ſay no more,
My Veins with raging Fires boil o'er,
Wild roll my Eyes, my Heart grows ſad,
Pox take me if I don't run mad.

Oxon, Nov. 10, 1718.

Upon

Upon PARTIES.

CUrſt be that buſy Wretch, that *human* Beaſt,
(Some crafty Stateſman or ambitious Prieſt)
Who firſt his own pernicious Schemes to build
His native Country with Diviſions fill'd;
The Bands of Friendſhip and Relation tore,
And broke that Union we enjoy'd before;
All ſocial Rights and ſocial Ties diſſolv'd,
And into Factions the blind World involv'd.

WHAT mighty Ills by Party have been done?
What Empires ruin'd? What long Wars begun?
What Treaſure and what Bloodſhed has it coſt?
What Millions for a Party have been loſt?
To this we owe the Curſe of every Age,
Treaſon, Sedition, Feud, and civil Rage;
To this we owe, that, drunk with frantick Zeal,
The holy Bigot draws his thirſty Steel;
For trifling Piques his Neighbour's Life demands,
And ſtains in kindred Blood his impious Hands;

Hence

Hence Crowds enrag'd with fatal Anger meet,
And the mad Populace embroil the Street;
Hence CATO periſh'd in his Country's Cauſe.
And JULIUS triumph'd o'er the *Roman* Laws;
Hence YORK and LANCASTER, with Rival Might,
Led forth their waſteful Armies to the Fight;
While each contended for ſupream Command,
And with wild Havock ſtrew'd the bleeding Land;
Hence we derive the Diſcords and the Woes,
Which in the laſt dire Century aroſe,
With her own Wounds the jarring Nation bled
A Monarch in rebellious Chains was led,
And the Church bow'd to Earth her ſacred Head.

BUT why on diſtant Evils do I dwell,
Which our own factious Times deſcribe ſo well?
Unnumber'd Sects unnumber'd Schemes deviſe,
And mutual Vengeance reddens in their Eyes;
Each in their Right believes himſelf alone,
And rails at all Religions but his own:
The TORY with his ſworn Opinions big,
Glows with hot Zeal, and cries G-d d--n the WHIG;
The WHIG, of his Perſwaſion full as vain,
Damns the vile TORY, in as proud a Strain;
The PAPIST and the PROTESTANT by turns,
As Intereſt dictates, or as Conſcience burns;
IDOLATER! and HERETICK! exclaim;
Such are the Honours paid the Chriſtian Name!

NAY

NAY, farther does this rude Diſtemper reach,
For ev'n the Ladies now Religion preach,
O'er their Bohea in Politicks debate,
And drop their Scandal for Affairs of State;
For MARLBOROUGH ſome, and ſome for ORMOND plead,
Juſt as the Pariſh Prieſt has fram'd their Creed:
In Love all Damſels are extreamly Nice,
And think a Mungril-match a ſhameful Vice,
Each takes her Likeneſs to the Marriage Bed,
WHIGS mate with WHIGS and TORIES TORIES wed,

THUS Man on Man eternal War proclaims,
Branding each other with opprobrious Names;
And leſt with them their Enmity ſhould ceaſe,
And when they die, the World be huſh'd in Peace,
A num'rous Race of Succeſſors they raiſe,
To propagate their Feuds in after Days;
Soon as they learn to ſpeak, their careful Sires
Light in their tender Breaſts the Party-fires,
MASTER is taught to liſp the DOCTOR's Name,
And pretty little MISS muſt do the ſame;
They muſt not play with *Presbyterian* Boys,
Nor let a *Low-Church* Girl prophane their Toys;
As they grow up, the Seeds of Party ſhoot,
And in their ripen'd Breaſts take deeper Root:

Thoſe

Thoſe whom they fled, when Children, ſtill they fly,
Upon their Perſons caſt an evil Eye;
The ſame ill Will tenaciouſly maintain,
And fight their Father's Quarrels o'er again.

Upon the SAME.

TORIES and WHIGS, with mutual ſelfiſh Pride,
In all their Quarrels for themſelves decide,
Both Parties their own Principles prefer,
And in their own Opinion *cannot err*;
Yet both condemn, and for the ſame Pretence,
The Church of *Rome*, and talk of *common Senſe*.
Does then to *us*, this Privilege belong?
And muſt the *Pope* alone be in the Wrong?
Or ſhall we rather ſay, that void of Light,
Heav'n leaves us all uncertain of the Right?

An EPILOGUE for the Tragedy of King *HENRY* IV. of *France*, deſign'd to have been ſpoken by CHARLOTTA.

WELL—— I ſuppoſe you now ſit all agog
In hopes to hear a ſmutty Epilogue,
With filthy Meanings couch'd in modern Guiſe;
Ye wicked Toads! I read it in your Eyes;
Gad! you're of late ſo horrid vicious grown,
Nothing but fulſom Lewdneſs will go down;
Your Palate's ſo debauch'd, you cannot eat
Without *provoking* Sauce, the niceſt Meat,

DEARLY you love the bold intriguing Blade,
And chuckle, when an Aſſignation's made,
Yet little dream, that often, while you come,
To laugh at other Men, you'r dub'd at home.
How many of you if the Truth were known,
Point at your Neighbour's Horns, to ſcreen your own?
So one gay Ideot when he ſees another,
Makes ſenſeleſs Jokes, and titters at his Brother.

You thought, perhaps, I'd ſneer my Husband's Fate,
With lewd Reflections on the Marriage-State;
Did you, ſweet Sirs?----No, faith, you're all miſtaken,
I ſhall not ſpeak one Word for Cuckold-making.
Indeed our moſt obliging Bard to day
Has made me ſomething *modiſh* in his Play:
But durſt he hint it once behind the Scenes,
I'd ask the pert young Puppy----*what he means*;
For let me tell you, that Prince *Condi*'s Wife,
Bad as you think her, leads an honeſt Life.

Shame on ſuch foul Corrupters of the Age!
What! would you make a Brothel of the Stage?
No Play of late can be obſcene enough;
Think ye, the Ladies like ſuch *paw-paw* Stuff?
Sorely againſt our Will we act ſuch Parts,
And ſpeak the naughty Words with grumbling Hearts;
Yet now and then forſooth we muſt comply
With your politer Taſte-----good Reaſon why;
For ſhould we dare to thwart your wanton Vein,
You'd ſtarve us *quite*, and flock to *Drury-Lane*.

The WISH.

WHEN real Bleſſings are to Men deny'd,
With airy Hopes they gratify their Pride;
To every Wretch this Privilege extends,
However void of *Acres* or of Friends:
The Bankrupt wiſhes for the Stateſman's Poſt,
And each Foot-Soldier to command an Hoſt;
The meaneſt Curate that *reads Pray'rs* in Town,
Or in the Country, awes the gaping Clown,
Thinks to be call'd, *His Grace*, before he dies,
And looks at *Lambeth* with ambitious Eyes;
The *brawny* Footman, conſcious of his Worth,
Forgets his ſervile State and humble Birth,
Dreſſes, looks ſpruce, and with deſigning Art
Lays tempting Snares to catch his Lady's Heart;
While the ſmug Chamber-maid, with equal Pride,
Ogles Sir JOHN, and hopes to be his Bride.

LIKE Fellow-mortals thus I live on Air,
Nor will Self-Love permit me to deſpair,

Tho'

Tho' Fortune ſinks me to my native Duſt,
On future Bleſſings I ſecurely truſt.
Lo! Reader, to thy Boſom I impart
The Secret, whole Ambition of my Heart.

GRANT me, kind Heav'n, *five hundred* Pounds a Year,
From Mortgages and Tythes, and Taxes clear,
And (if a Beggar might preſume to chuſe)
In a ſweet Climate to oblige my Muſe,
Where *Thames* thro' fruitful Countries pours his Tide,
Or where thy wanton Streams, O *Medway*, glide;
There lodge me in a pleaſant rural Seat,
And let the River murmur at its Feet,
Screen'd from the Sun, and ſhelter'd from the Wind,
Before a *Proſpect*, and a *Wood* behind.

THEN grant me, Heav'n, the ſecond Boon of Life,
Next to a good Eſtate, a pretty Wife,
A fond, young toying Girl, and full of Flame,
(Not a cold, phlegmatick, inſipid Dame)
In whom good Nature, Beauty, and good Senſe,
With equal Force their blended Charms diſpenſe,
Tho' virtuous, unreſerv'd, and chaſtly free;
Juſt ſuch as LAURA is——or is to ME.

THUS fix'd in Pleaſure, to my Wiſhes ſend,
The next ſubſtantial Good, a faithful Friend,

To

To whom I may, with an unguarded Heart,
My Cares, my Sorrows, and my Joys impart,
Reveal the Doubts that rack my tortur'd Mind,
And Eaſe and Pleaſure in his Counſel find:
With whom in rural Sports I may partake,
Start the fleet Hare, or bait the fiſhy Lake,
With Books or Converſation waſte the Day,
And o'er a Bottle wear the Night away.

And grant me, laſtly, to complete the reſt,
An honeſt, peaceful, and unſhaken Breaſt,
Free from blind Zeal and ſuperſtitious Fear,
That, what I am, a Man I may appear;
That, while I live, no Terrors I may know,
And, when Death ſtrikes, deſpiſe the tranſient Blow.

Grant me all this, and to the painful *Great*,
Give Titles, Garters, and the Poſts of State:
Let Law in *Miſſiſſipi* Bubbles ſhine,
And Stanhope by new Treaties grow divine.

To the MEMORY of Sir *Thomas Taylor*, Bart. late of *Maidſtone* in *Kent*.

WHence does this ſudden, fatal Change proceed?
For lo! Deſpair on ev'ry Brow I read,
All ſhake their mournful Heads and penſive ſtand,
As the laſt dreadful Judgment were at hand:
AURELIA, the fair Parent of Delight,
So wont with ſmiling Looks to greet our Sight,
Beneath her Roof the Stranger Grief receives,
Her Boſom with unuſual Anguiſh heaves,
Her Eyes, that quick as Lightning ſhot around,
Now indolently fix'd upon the Ground,
Some ſudden Shock of inward Grief confeſs,
See! every Look betrays the deep Diſtreſs.
Alas! the Cauſe too juſt, that drowns her Eyes,
Too plain the Source, from whence her Sorrows riſe!
DAMON, the lovely, cheerful Youth is dead,
And with him all our boaſted Joys are fled;

In every Mouth I hear the moving Tale,
With conſtant weeping every Cheek grows pale,
DAMON from every Eye demands a Tear,
And damps the * jovial Seaſon of the Year.

BEHOLD, how abject is our earthly State!
A Thread that hangs between the Sheers of Fate:
Conſcious of Grief, and ſenſible of Pain,
Short are our Pleaſures, and thoſe ſhort ones vain;
From Hour to Hour we draw precarious Breath,
And blindly trample on the Snares of Death.
Our mortal Frame no mortal Pow'r can ſave,
Struggling thro' Care and Sorrow to the Grave,
Death lurks in every Shape, and every Breeze
Of Air we draw is big with ſome Diſeaſe,
Our Traytor-ſenſes, in the civil Strife,
Let in the Foe to ſeize upon our Life;
We bloom, like Lillies, with the dawning Light,
And droop like them, and ſicken e'er 'tis Night.

THUS DAMON bloom'd, and in his Bloom decay'd,
Long e'er 'twas due, the Debt of Nature paid:
But oh! how worthy of a longer Life,
So free from wordy Broils and ſocial Strife;
So fam'd for Candour, Conſtancy and Truth,
As CATO virtuous, in the Tide of Youth!

In

* He dy'd a few Days before *Chriſtmas*.

In every various graceful Art approv'd,
And loving all Mankind, by all belov'd.
Scarce ever did he frown, but on his Face
Eternal Pleaſure laugh'd and youthful Grace,
The Fair ſtill liſten'd to his pleaſing Strains,
And DAMON was the Pride of MEDWAY's Plains.

BLEST with his Friendſhip, but too lately bleſt!
I ſung *Te Deum* to my joyful Breaſt;
With eager Hands I ſeal'd the faithful Vow,
And to my Heart I ſaid, be open now.
Throw by thy worldly Forms and wordly Art,
And all thy Secrets to his Soul impart:
When on a ſudden (as a mighty Wind
Roots up the Oak, and leaves the Shrub behind)
A fierce * Diſtemper cropt his early Prime,
While I remain to mourn his Fate in Rhime.
So ſoon torn from me, and ſo lately giv'n?
How ſtinted are thy Bleſſings, righteous Heav'n!

PATIENT and graceful, like himſelf, he dy'd,
Bold as a Martyr, but without his Pride,
He courted not his Fate, diſturb'd in Mind,
Nor fear'd the Stroke, but gallantly reſign'd:
When Death advanc'd, and in his wounded Heart
He felt, with Pain tranſfix'd, the mortal Dart;

* The Small-Pox.

" My Friends, ſaid he, my deareſt Friends, adieu!
" What moſt I fear in Death, is loſing you;
" Thus in the Bloſſom of our Joys to part!
" 'Tis an hard Struggle with a youthful Heart;
" This Weakneſs, if it bears that Name, forgive,
" *But ſure it's none in Youth to wiſh to live.*
" Hadſt thou, all-judging Pow'r, prolong'd my Days,
" Each Morning ſhould have open'd with thy Praiſe;
" But, ſince thy Hand cuts ſhort my ſcanty Line,
" Still to thy Diſpenſations I reſign;
" Death is the Doom, in which we all are curſt,
" And it's my Lot to go that Journey firſt;
" Whate'er new Worlds beyond the Grave I find,
" I meet prepar'd, arm'd with a guiltleſs Mind;
" Once more farewel ----- and now, ye happy Skies,
" Behold I come; then turn'd and clos'd his Eyes.

In that laſt Criſis of his ebbing Breath,
Alas! how many ſuffer'd more than Death!
Numbers of every Rank ſtill feel the Blow;
For who to DAMON did not ſomething owe?
In Times of Need, ſo courteous was his Mind,
All ſought him for their Friend, and found him kind,
Ingenuous and benevolent of Heart,
Still ready to protect the injur'd Part,
Proud to oblige, and fearful to offend,
The beſt, good Neighbour, and the eaſieſt Friend.

PRAISE and Reſpect, that turn the giddy Brain,
And make young Men grow inſolent and vain,
In DAMON's Breaſt no proud Conceptions wrought,
Laid no wrong Biaſs on his equal Thought;
He ſought not, but he ſhun'd our vain Applauſe,
And fought without Reward in Virtue's Cauſe:
If he had any Fault, 'tis want of Pride,
And that's a Fault on the good-natur'd ſide;
None were beneath his Notice or his Love,
And yet ſo happy was he, none above:
All were his Equals, or he made 'em ſo,
Roſe to the high, deſcended to the low:
Him, in the ſame frank Manner, might you ſee
Speaking by turns to ROMNEY --- and to ME.

How humble, yet how wealthy was his Mind?
How much to Letters and to Arts inclin'd?
Free from vain Affectation and Conceit,
His Thoughts were manly, his Ideas great;
Quick was his Fancy, and his Judgment ſtrong,
Bleſt with a modeſt Fluency of Tongue.

NOR leaſt of all, the mournful Bard admires
His kindred Talents and poetick Fires.
Proud is the Muſe amongſt her Sons to name
The youthful Heir of ſuch eſtabliſh'd Fame;
Yet in one Thought ſhe loſes half her Pride,
That with his own ſhort Life his Verſes dy'd;

Like

Like VIRGIL, but alas! with more Succeſs,
He damn'd his own fair Fruit, and robb'd the Preſs:
By his Command the ſhining Pages burn,
And ſink in Aſhes, never to return,
Unleſs to Verſe another Life is giv'n,
And with her Bard the Muſe revives in Heav'n.

BUT whilſt his Virtues thus my Lays prolong,
His Death recurs and checks me in my Song.
Courteous he was, and learn'd, and good, and juſt;
But all thoſe Graces now are laid in Duſt!

YE fair ones, that ſo lovely us'd to ſmile,
And made our KENT the PAPHOS of the Iſle,
No more your DAMON, with unlabour'd Grace,
Joins in the Dance, nor at the Board takes place,
To Joys polite and innocent gives Birth,
Nor thro' the crouded Room diffuſes Mirth;
Mix'd with cold Earth, all-motionleſs he lies,
No more his Boſom beats, nor roll his Eyes;
His comely Limbs now mouldring for the Worms,
The certain Spoilers of the faireſt Forms!
But I perceive afreſh your Sorrows ſtream,
And to my ſelf recal the mournful Theme.

FORGIVE, dear Shade, theſe plain well-meaning Lays,
That in a native Dreſs record thy Praiſe,

This

This ſober Theme a ſober Muſe demands,
Not one that wanders thro' romantick Lands,
And whines a fairy Tale of Woods and Plains,
And Nymphs bewailing their departed Swains:
When ſtately Villains unlamented die,
The venal Poet muſt to Fiction fly,
With foreign Arts his want of Merit hide,
And in the Helps of common-place confide;
The Rivers weep, the Flow'rs forget to bloom,
And browzing Flocks deplore their Shepherd's Doom,
Winds moan his Death, inſtructed by the Muſe,
In mournful Sighs, which human Breaſts refuſe;
But real Sorrows leſſen in Diſguiſe,
And Art is uſeleſs when a DAMON dies.
Nor needs the Willow to preſerve his Fame,
Grav'd in the nobleſt Boſoms lives his Name:
ROMNEY laments his Death, illuſtrious Peer!
And ev'ry neighbouring Beauty drops a Tear:
KENT in her Annals will his Loſs retain,
Till at the Judgment-Bar we meet again.

To Mrs. CENTLIVRE at that time dangerouſly ill.

STRUCK with a Paſſion for unhappy ROWE,
To whom ſo many finiſh'd Scenes we owe,
I paid my Tribute to his mighty Name,
A Stranger to his Perſon ------ but by Fame:
The Man, but not the Author was unknown,
Oft have I made his well-wrought Verſe my own;
Oft have I wept his dying Hero's Cauſe,
And ſhook the ecchoing Dome with loud Applauſe:
From hence alone my grateful Sorrows riſe,
Hence the prompt Tears o'erflow my ſwelling Eyes;
But double Pangs thy mournful Boſom rend,
I loſe the Poet only, you the Friend.
You knew the ſecret Virtues of his Heart,
How void it was of every treacherous Art;
Search'd the vaſt hidden Treaſures of his Mind,
And weep in him the Loſs to all Mankind.

GARTH

GARTH follow'd ſoon, from the unſparing Grave,
Not his own Art his mortal Life could ſave!
Two Bards at once the Tyrant ſwept away,
To feed the Worm, and mix with vulgar Clay;
Nor yet content, unbounded in his Rage,
Of THEE too he attempts to rob the Age.
Inſulting Death! oh ſtop thy ſavage Hand,
Reverſe, tremendous Power, the raſh Command;
Already you have given us too much Grief,
Be kind at laſt, and miniſter Relief;
Stop our forboding Tears, aſſwage our Pain,
And give CENTLIVRE back to Health again.

To Mrs. CENTLIVRE, upon her deſiring Me to read and correct a POEM.

IN vain, ORINDA on my Aid,
And weaker Judgment you rely;
Too raſhly Fair-one, you perſwade
A Mortal to correct the Sky.

To me, like PHAETON of old,
A dangerous Province you resign,
Which I, like him unskill'd, and bold,
Accept, and mimick Pow'r divine.

WITHOUT my Help the Soul to warm
With Love, still happily proceed,
Bid other LEONORA's * charm,
And other Villains justly bleed ——.

WHILST party-mad the *British-Fair*,
On Monarch JEMMY set their Hearts,
Despise the peaceful House-wife's Care,
And practise their seditious Arts.

WHILST they with Lies revile the THRONE,
And with Church Fears their Minds perplex,
Their Follies singly you attone,
And singly you redeem the Sex.

---

* See the cruel Gift, a Tragedy, written by Mrs. *Centlivre*.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM on Dr. *CRASSUS.*

Occaſioned by his taking a Character in a LAMPOON to Himſelf.

CRASSUS, the Poet's and the Villain's Tool,
Juſt Wiſe enough to think himſelf a Fool,
Swears that in each Lampoon he ſees his Face,
And vows Revenge upon the Rhiming Race:
For once dear CRASSUS let a Foe adviſe,
Look on thy ſelf with more auſpicious Eyes,
To blab thy Weakneſs, be not thou the firſt,
For that of all thy Follies is the worſt;
Ill-natur'd Scriblers, unoffended, read,
The *conſcious* Ideot is a Wretch indeed!
By other Hands let our Defects be known,
For 'tis the Devil to betray one's own.

On

On the SAME.

CRASSUS looks grave and learned to the Eye,
His ſtiff Scarf ruffles as he paſſes by;
Mark that wiſe Shrug, that deep deſigning Frown!
His ſleek broad Beaver, and his gloſſy Gown!
Oft he ſtops ſhort, and at the firſt Alarm,
Doubles his Speed, and ſwings his careleſs Arm:
Sometimes he bites his Nails, and rubs his Head,
Nay (what you'll ſcarce believe) I've ſeen him *read*:
Sure CRASSUS for a deep Divine may paſs----
And ſo, with your Permiſſion, may an *Aſs*.
Ay, and I will aver, with more Pretence,
For *one* has ſpoke, and he ſpoke better Senſe.

On the SAME.

CRASSUS one Evening (as 'tis oft his Doom)
Was made the publick *Butt* of all the Room,
Backſide and foreſide upon *him* they fall,
At laſt, ſays CRASSUS ſmartly to 'em all,

Nay

Nay ſoftly, Sirs! For all this great ado,
I can my *Talents* boaſt as well as you:
Perhaps I'm not ſo *bright*; I grant you that,
But I'm as ſtrong, as JOLLY and as fat;
You, MILVIUS, can your *Lines* and *Circles* draw,
I can make Circles too —— *for Boys at Taw.*

You, Sir, can pun, or make a pleaſant Joke,
I know you can —— and I can laugh and ſmoke.
You underſtand your *Greek* and Logick better,
(Of which indeed I ſcarcely know a letter)
But I can *preach* and *that*, and after Pray'r
Walk with the Ladies out —— *to take the Air.*
You have more *Learning*, Sir, perhaps than I;
And you more *Wit* —— all this I don't deny.
But who has moſt of *ſomething elſe*, as good?
Come on! and we'll be judg'd by Miſtreſs W——D

Upon the SAME.

UNform'd in *Nature's* Shop, while CRASSUS lay,
A cumbrous Heap of coarſe neglected Clay,
Pray, Madam, ſays the *Foreman* of the Trade,
What of yon paultry *Rubbiſh* muſt be made?
For it's too groſs, ſays he, and unrefin'd,
To be the Carcaſs of a *thinking Mind*;

Then it's too lumpish and too ſtiff to make
A Fop, a Beau, a Witling, or a Rake;
Nor is it for a Lady's Footman fit,
For Ladies Footmen muſt have Senſe and Wit;
A Warrior muſt be vigilant and bold,
And therefore claims a brisk and active Mould;
A Stateſman muſt be skill'd in various Arts,
A Strumpet muſt have Charms, a Pimp have Parts.
A Lawyer, without Craft, will get no Fees ——
This Matter therefore will make none of *thoſe*;
In ſhort, I plainly think it good for nought;
But, Madam, I deſire your better Thought.

Why, Tom, ſays ſhe, in a diſdainful Tone,
Amongſt the *Sweepings* let it then be thrown,
Or —— make a *Parſon* of the uſeleſs Stuff,
'Twill ſerve a *preaching* Blockhead well enough.

To

To my Friend the AUTHOR of the TRAGEDY of Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

WHILST two great Bards our grateful Country mourns,
And ſheds the Debt of Sorrow o'er their Urns;
Tranſfus'd in thee, revive their generous Fires,
And Liberty again her Sons inſpires;
Thrice happy Poet! in thy Numbers glow
The Elegance of GARTH, and Force of ROWE.
From yon' bright Arch thy ſpreading Fame they ſee,
And triumph in a Succeſſor like thee.

BEHOLD! to cure the Frenzy of the Age,
A ſecond CATO riſes on the Stage;
The ſame their Suff'rings, for a Cauſe the ſame,
Nor yields the ENGLISH to the ROMAN Name.

OPPRESS'D with Noiſe, and drunken Party-Strife,
Where ISIS flows, I waſte a painful Life;

Stunn'd with the Terrors of impending Woes,
And Prelates to the Church insatiate Foes;
Of uncouth Logick Terms condemn'd to hear
The same pedantick Jargon all the Year,
Pro formâ to dispute the Questions round,
And trace the Windings of scholastick Ground,
To College Walls reluctantly confin'd,
Check'd in the native Freedom of my Mind;
Or on the Stage, with corresponding Eyes,
I would have seen thy *British* Hero rise;
For Virtue and Religion hear him plead,
And boldly for a thankless Nation bleed;
But *partial* Laws that Happiness deny'd,
Against my Will I laid the Wish aside,
Content to *read* thee in thy genuine Light,
Where no proud Scenes attract the dazzled Sight,
Stript of the Pomp and Trappings of the Stage,
Strong is thy Diction, and sublime thy Rage;
Great in your self, you want no foreign Art
To raise Compassion, and awake the Heart,
The secret Springs of Nature to controul,
And touch the diff'rent Passions of the Soul.

Accept, my Friend, these tributary Lays,
(If by that Name I may presume to praise)
Permit me, last, thy full Applause to crown,
And join the publick CHORUS of the Town.

St. JOHN's *College*, Oxon. Feb. 3d 1718---19.

THE

THE TEST of LOVE: TO A Friend who fancied Himſelf in LOVE.

OFT haſt thou told me, DICK, in friendly Part,
That the Uſurper LOVE has ſeiz'd thy Heart;
But thou art young, and, like our ſanguine Race
In their full Vigour, may'ſt miſtake thy Caſe;
For, truſt me, LOVE (that Inmate of the Mind)
Is very much miſtaken by Mankind,
For which too often is miſunderſtood
The ſudden Rage and Madneſs of the Blood:
Thus every common Rake his Flame approves,
And when he's leud and rampant, thinks he loves.

BUT I, who in that Study am grown old,
Will to my Friend ſuch certain Marks unfold,
By which a real Paſſion he may prove,
And without which he cannot truely love.

How

How does this Tyrant lord it in thy Mind?
What Symptoms of his Empire do'ſt thou find?
Do'ſt thou within perceive the growing Wound?
Does thy Soul ſicken, while thy Body's ſound?
Does in thy Thought ſome blooming Beauty reign,
Whoſe ſtrong Idea mingles Joy with Pain?
When ſhe appears before thee, does ſhe ſpread
O'er thy pale, fading Cheeks a ſudden Red?
Preſs her ſoft Lips, or touch her lillied Hand,
Does thy Heart flutter, does thy Breaſt expand?
If but her Name is mention'd, does it fire
Thy Pulſes with a quick and fierce Deſire?
Does every Glance, like JOVE's vindictive Flame,
Shoot through thy Veins, and kindle all thy Frame?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For he, who wants theſe Symptoms, does not love.

Is to ONE Woman all your Heart inclin'd?
And can She only charm your conſtant Mind?
For Her do all your morning Wiſhes riſe?
Does ſhe at Night of Slumber rob your Eyes?
Muſing on Her, does ſhe alone excite
Your Thoughts by Day, and all your Dreams by Night?
Or does your Heart for every Nymph you meet
Own a new Paſſion, and as ſtrongly beat?

Do in your Eyes all Women ſeem the ſame,
And each new Face expel the former Flame?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove;
If you love more than ONE, you do not love.

Does LOVE, and only LOVE, invade your Heart?
Or is it ſtricken with a Golden Dart?
Does the keen Arrow from her Beauty fly?
Or does her Fortune glitter in your Eye?
For, in this Age, how ſeldom is it found,
That LOVE alone inflicts the ſecret Wound?
Silver and Gold are CUPID's ſureſt Arms,
One thouſand Pounds out-weighs Ten thouſand Charms,
But art thou ſure that in thy tender Heart
Theſe worldly Baubles bear no ſordid Part?
And can'ſt thou ſay, ſincerely can'ſt thou ſay,
Should adverſe Fortune on thy Charmer prey,
That ſtill unchang'd, thy Paſſion would remain?
That ſtill thou would'ſt abide a faithful Swain?
If in the curſt SOUTH-SEA her All were loſt,
Still would her Eyes their former Conqueſts boaſt?
And would ſhe, do'ſt thou think, in every State,
The ſame Emotions in thy Soul create?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if you ſigh for WEALTH, you do not love.

AGAIN, my Friend, incline thy patient Ear,
(For thou haſt many Queſtions ſtill to hear)

This

This choſen Damſel, this triumphant She,
Can'ſt thou no Blemiſh in her Perſon ſee?
Her Temper, Shape, her Features and her Air,
(Though never yet was born a faultleſs Fair)
Do they all pleaſe? In Body or in Mind
Can'ſt thou no Blot nor Imperfection find?
Does o'er her Skin no Mole nor Pimple riſe?
Or do ev'n theſe ſeem Beauties in thy Eyes?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if you ſpy one FAULT, you do not love.

Do you within a ſudden Impulſe feel,
To dreſs, look florid, and appear genteel?
Do you affect to ſtrike the gazing Maid
With glittering Gems, with Velvet and Brocade
Your ſnowy Wriſts do *Mecklin* Pendants grace,
And do the ſmarteſt Wigs adorn thy Face?
Do you correct your Gait, adjuſt your Air,
And bid your Taylor take uncommon Care?
Before your Glaſs each Morning do you ſtand,
And tye your Neck-cloth with a Critick's Hand?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For DRESSING ever was a Mark of LOVE.

Do Books and worldly Cares no longer pleaſe?
Can no Diverſions give your Heart-pains Eaſe?
Have Wealth and Honours loſt their wonted Charms?
And does Ambition yield to CUPID's Arms?

Is

Is your whole Frame diſſolv'd, by LOVE ingroſt,
To Study, Intereſt, and Preferment loſt?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if *aught elſe* prevails, you do not love.

Do all your Thoughts, your Wiſhes, and Deſires,
Comply with her, and burn with mutual Fires?
If ſhe loves Balls, Aſſemblies, Opera's, Plays,
Do they in you the ſame Amuſement raiſe?
If ſhe at Ombre loves to waſte the Night,
Do you in Ombre take the ſame Delight?
If to the *Ring* her graceful Horſes prounce,
Does your new Chariot to the *Ring* advance?
If in the *Mall* ſhe chooſes to appear,
Or if at Court, do you attend her there?
What ſhe commends, does your officious Tongue
Approve, and cenſure what ſhe judges wrong?
Are all her Loves and her Averſions thine?
In all her Joys and Sorrows doſt thou join?
Art thou, my Friend, united to her Frame,
Thy Heart, thy Paſſions, and thy Soul the ſame?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For without SYMPATHY you cannot love.

Did'ſt thou e'er ſtrive (once more ſincerely ſay)
With Friends and Wine to drive thy Cares away?
And have e'en theſe Endeavours prov'd in Vain?
Will neither Friends nor Wine remove thy Pain?

Do'ſt

Doſt thou ſit penſive, full of Thought, repine,
And in thy Turn forget the circling Wine?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if Wine drowns your Flame, you do not Love.

Art thou a tame, reſign'd, ſubmiſſive Swain?
Can'ſt thou bear Scorn, Repulſes and Diſdain?
Can no ill Treatment nor unkind Returns
Quench the ſtrong Flame, which in thy Marrow burns?
But do they rather aggravate thy Smart,
And give a quicker Edge to every Dart?
Does not each ſcornful Look, or angry Jeſt
Drive the keen Paſſion deeper in thy Breaſt?
Do not her poignant Queſtions and Replies,
Thy partial Ears agreeably Surprize?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if you can Resent, you do not Love.

Whole live-long Days you have enjoy'd her Sight;
Say, were your Eyes e'er ſated with Delight?
Did not you wiſh next Moment to return?
Did not your Breaſt with ſtronger Ardours burn?
Did not each View another View provoke?
And every Meeting give a deeper Stroke?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For there is no Satiety in Love.

Per-

PERHAPS you judge it an impudent Flame,
And therefore live at Diſtance from the Dame;
But what is the Effect? does Abſence heal
Thoſe Wounds, which ſmarting in her Sight you feel?
Does not to her your Mind unbidden Stray?
Does not your Heart confeſs her diſtant Sway?
Does not each riſing Thought inſtance your Pain?
And do'nt you long to ſee her *once again*?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For that which Abſence cancels is not Love.

SUPPOSE (once more) your Parents or your Friends,
Either for pieviſh or prudential Ends,
Should thwart thy Choice, thy promis'd Bliſs oppoſe,
Would'ſt thou for her engage all theſe thy Foes?
Would'ſt thou deſpiſe an angry Father's Frown?
And ſcorn the noiſy Cenſures of the Town?
Could'ſt thou, poſſeſs'd of her, with Patience ſee
The Coxcomb's Finger pointed forth at thee?
Would it not vex you, as you paſs along,
To hear the little Spleen of every Tongue?
" There goes the fond young Fool, who t'other Day
" In heedleſs Wedlock threw himſelf away,
" And, to indulge the raſh ungoverned Heat
" Of a vain Paſſion, loſt a good Eſtate? ---

Would not such Insults grate thy tender Ear?
Could'st thou besides, without Compunction, bear
The scornful Smile and the disdainful Sneer?
From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For he who loves with REASON does not love

Still must I touch thee in a tenderer Part:
Would not a happy Rival stab thy Heart?
Could'st thou behold the Darling of thy Breast
With Freedom by another Youth caress?
Say, could'st thou to thy dearest Friend afford
A Kiss, a Smile, or one obliging Word?
Say, at the publick Ball or private Dance,
When the brisk Couples artfully advance,
Could'st thou unmov'd with Indignation stand,
If to another she resign'd her Hand?
Would your Heart rest at Ease? or would it swell
With all the Pains, the sharpest Pains of Hell?
From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For without JEALOUSY you cannot love.

To the last Question of thy trusty Friend
(Though many more might still be ask'd) attend.
To purge her Virtue, or revenge her Wrongs,
(For Beauty is the Theme of busy Tongues)
Should Blood be call'd for in the doubtful Strife,
Would'st thou with Pleasure part with Blood---or Life?
Would'st thou all Dangers in her Cause despise,
And meet unequal Foes, for such a Prize?

Would

Would it not plant new Courage in thy Heart,
And double Vigour to thy Arm impart?
To ſcreen thy Miſtreſs from the ſlighteſt Harms,
Would'ſt thou not purchaſe Death and would not Death
(have Charms?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove.
For never yet was *Coward* known to Love.

By theſe Preſcriptions judge your inward Part,
Put all theſe Queſtions cloſely to your Heart,
And if by them your Flame you can approve,
Then will I own that you ſincerely Love.

THE BOTTLE-SCRUE.

A TALE.

Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit.

HOR.

THE PATTEN, FAN, and PETTICOAT,
Three modern Themes of ſpecial Note,
In parlous Rhimes immortal live,
If Rhimes immortal Life can give;
The MOUSE-TRAP in ſonorous lays
Tranſmits thro' Ages TAFFY's praiſe;

While

While ſtill unſung in pompous Strains,
Oh! ſhame! the BOTTLE-SCRUE remains,
The BOTTLE-SCRUE, whoſe Worth, whoſe Uſe,
All Men confeſs, that love the Juice;
Forgotten ſleeps the Man, to whom
We owe th' Invention, in his Tomb,
No publick Honours grace his Name,
No pious Bard records his Fame,
Elate with Pride and Joy I ſee
The deathleſs Task reſerv'd for me.

SAY, gentle Muſe, in living Song,
Whence Firſt this uſeful Engine ſprung,
And THOU, who (if report ſpeak true)
In Pocket always bear'ſt thy SCRUE,
Accept, D-----L-----NE, in youthful Lays,
The Homage which the Poet pays.

ONCE on a Time, of mortal Men,
(No Matter where, no Matter when)
There liv'd a jolly, Country Vicar,
Who lov'd the Church and eke his Liquor,
What was his Name, I do not read
In BAKER, HOLLINSHEAD, or SPEED,
But thro' the Progreſs of our Poem,
By Name of ROGER you muſt know him,

Some little Faults this Roger had,
But of the Dead, mum! nothing bad;
As that he *rarely paid his Debts*,
And others which the Muſe forgets;
Our Buſineſs 'tis his Faults to hide,
And only ſhew his better Side.

All Writers in this Point agree,
That he was joviſant and free,
A merry Wight! and after Maſs,
Would ſmoke his Pipe, and drink his Glaſs:
Oft fond of Mirth and Converſation,
Or preſs'd by courteous Invitation,
To neighb'ring Farmers he'd repair,
And ſpend a winter Ev'ning there;
Sometimes of grizly Sprights would talk,
That in white Sheets at Midnight walk,
'Till all the liſt'ning Children groan,
And dare not go to Bed alone;
Sometimes would on the Muſick play,
Or *Putt*, to paſs the Time away,
Sometimes to raviſh'd Clowns would ſpeak
Mouthfuls of *Latin*, and of *Greek*,
His Logick ſhew and Claſſick Knowledge,
And tell of merry Freaks at College;
Play with the Louts at *Chriſtmas* Games,
And in their Abſence ----- with their Dames

For

For wary *Clerks* learn all theſe Arts
To gain Eſteem, and conquer Hearts.

It chanc'd, as old Traditions ſay,
That on a certain Holiday,
The 'Squire, deſigning to carouſe,
Some Friends invited to his Houſe;
Amongſt the reſt, as was moſt fitting,
To ſanctify the merry Meeting,
The Parſon, If we credit Fame,
Was ſent for and *preciſely* came.

Supper now waited on the Board,
The Gueſts ſtand round, and at the Word,
Sir Roger, with a ſolemn Face,
Held forth his Hat, and ton'd a Grace,
He ſaid, and Hemming thrice aloud,
Sate down, and venerably Bow'd.

Plain, not luxurious was the Feaſt,
But what a gen'rous Heart confeſs'd;
Firſt, on the Diſh ſublimely rear'd,
The famous *Britiſh Loin* appear'd,
Whoſe worth our loftieſt Praiſe deſerves,
Great Builder of the Warrior's Nerves!
Two Turkies next the Footman bore,
Which lately gobbled at the Door.

But oh! how very ſhort their Span?
Unhappy Fowls! the Food of Man!
The careful Matron, from whoſe Hand
To peck the Grain they wont to ſtand,
From Weeping ſcarcely could refrain,
To ſee her pretty Poultry ſlain.
The Feaſt a Diſh of Wild-fowl crown'd
Which on the neighb'ring woody Ground,
The 'Squire himſelf had lately kill'd,
A Sportſman, moſt exactly ſkill'd;
Full oft, unerring from afar,
Forth trudg'd he to the Sylvan War,
In ſearch of Foes, with ruthleſs Mind,
Dreaded by all the feather'd Kind,
For let 'em that way fly or this,
Seldom the 'Squire was known to miſs.

Thus far premis'd, 'tis now high Time
To check our long-digreſſing Rhime,
The Task intended to purſue,
And of our Tale reſume the Clue;
Wherefore the Supper now was over,
And Thomas brought up the *October*;
The hoary Bottle ſeem'd to tell,
That all within was Ripe and Well;
When ſtudious to extract the Cork,
Sir Roger ſet his Teeth to work;

This way and that the Cork he ply'd,
And wrench'd in vain from ſide to ſide;
In vain his ivory Grinders ſtrain'd,
For ſtill unmov'd the Cork remain'd;
And as a Chieftain ſtout in Fight
Exerts his utmoſt, warlike Might,
Loth to deſert his deſtin'd Poſt,
And ſee his raviſh'd Honours loſt,
So did the Cork maintain the Field;
And ſcorn'd to human Force to yield,
Still kept the Seat, each Shock repreſs'd,
Which in the Cellar it poſſeſs'd.
At length, enrag'd with foul Defeat,
The *Levite* burn'd with fiercer Heat,
And grown by Thirſt more Valiant far,
He meditates a ſecond War;
Firm on the ſpungy Cork he plac'd
His doubty Thumb, and downward preſs'd
The yielding Wood; —— but oh! dire luck!
Faſt in its Place his own Thumb ſtuck.
Loudly the pleas'd Spectators laugh'd,
With Pain and Shame the Parſon chaf'd,
Long did he ſtrive, with adverſe Fate,
His captive Thumb to extricate,
Nor could his Liberty regain,
'Till Hammer broke the glaſſy Chain;
Leave to withdraw the Prieſt deſir'd,
And Bowing, ſullingly retir'd,

HOMEWARDS with flying Steps he ſped,
Smoak'd half a Pipe, and went to Bed,
Where pond'ring for a while he lay
On the Miſcarriage of the Day;
At length the Shades of Sleep ariſe,
And gently Seal his cloſing Eyes:
Now thro' the Gloom of pitchy Night
There ſtood preſented to his Sight,
Or ſeem'd to ſtand, the God of Wine,
Known by his *Thyrſus* and his Vine,
Which cluſt'ring round his ample Head,
His broad-impurled Cheeks o'erſpread;
This Hand a *Cork-Screw* did contain,
And that a Bottle of *Champaign*;
He ſat Majeſtick 'croſs his Tun,
And ſaid, "Hail! deareſt rev'rend Son,
"Whoſe *bulky Paunch* and *roſy Face*
"Proclaim thee of the toping Race,
"Behold in me thy darling God,
"At whoſe Imperial, awful Nod,
"Immortal Deities get Drunk,
"And lewdly Rave for mortal Punck,
"Your groſſer Fleſh and Blood put on,
"And tread on ſolid Nerves and Bone,
"Scorn their own thin, unbody'd Dames,
"And Scorch in ſenſual, human Flames,

"For

" For *we*, to give Mankind their due,
" Love a *tit Bit*, as well as you.

" LAST Night (for we above, you know,
" See all Things that are done below)
" I ſaw thy concious Shame and Grief,
" And come to miniſter Relief;
" For lo! this crooked Inſtrument
" All future Miſchief ſhall prevent.
Thus, with a Smile, kind BACCHUS ſpoke,
And in his Hand the Weapon took,
He ſlipt it o'er his Finger-joint,
And to the Cork apply'd the Point,
Gently he turn'd it round and round,
'Till in the Midſt its Spires were wound,
Then bending earthward low, betwixt
His Knees the Bottle firmly fixt,
And giving it a ſudden Jerk,
From its cloſe Priſon wrench'd the Cork:
The Wine now iſſu'd at Command,
When, with a Bumper in his Hand,
Your Health, Sir ROGER, quoth the God,
Sir ROGER gave a reverend Nod,
In a full Brimmer pledg'd his Gueſt.
And gravely toaſted---- to the *Beſt*.
They Chat together, Drink and Fill,
And like two Inkle-weavers Swill.

'Till both begin to hang the Lip,
See double, ſtare like Pigs, and clip;
Then, hugging, take a parting Glaſs,
(But *dream-wiſe* all this came to paſs)
His Deity reel'd home to Heav'n,
And Maſter ROGER wak'd at *Sev'n*.

UP ſtrait he got, in joyous haſt,
And recollecting what had paſs'd,
How with a God he ſpent the Night.
His Heart exalted with Delight,
Each Circumſtance, their Talk, their Wine,
Prov'd his late Viſitor divine.
The Thought of which celeſtial Favour,
Gave a new Turn to his Behaviour,
Wore off the Gloom of laſt Night's Spleen,
Intent to form the new Machine.

BUT firſt, to his nocturnal Gueſt
This ſhort Petition he addreſs'd;
" Thrice honour'd Pow'r! whoſe drunken Sway
" The jovial Sons of Earth obey,
" If yet the racy Fumes are fled,
" Which ſeiz'd laſt Night thy gracious Head,
" The Hint, which then you kindly gave,
" Accompliſh and oblige your Slave.

For

" For the great Work my Arm inſpire,
" To bend aright the ſtubborn Wire,
" To grind the Edge, no eaſy Thing!
" And for the Finger ſhape the Ring;
" So Yearly, at thy hollow'd Shrine,
" I'll ſacrifice a Tun of Wine.

He ſpoke, and with his lifted Eyes
Saw the God poſting from the Skies:

Now to the mighty Task he ſets
His Hands, and o'er the Anvil ſweats,
Firſt puts the Iron in the Fire,
And hammers out the glowing Wire,
Then tortures it in Curls around,
As Tendrils on the Vine are found,
Sharpens the Bottom, rounds the Top,
And finiſh'd bears it from the Shop;
Well-pleas'd, a Bottle-screw he names it,
And ſacred to the God proclaims it.

This curious Engine, ſays the Prieſt,
Shall ſtretch my Fame from Weſt to Eaſt,
Me the Fox-hunting, tipling 'Squire,
And punning Curate ſhall admire;
Me ſhall the raking Templer praiſe,
And Altars to my Glory raiſe,

When

When privately he treats his Whore,
And this fam'd SCRUE ſecures the Door;
By me ſhall BIRMINGHAM become
In future Days, more fam'd than ROME,
Shall owe to me her Reputation,
And ſerve with BOTTLE-SCRUES the Nation.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 4 OCT 71